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The Fortnightly

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THE FORTNIGHTLY

was founded as an independent review in 1865 by the novelist, Anthony Trollope. Under its great editor, the historian and political philosopher John Morley, it maintained its traditional independence, offering an arena for the discussion of burning questions—political, social, religious and literary. That independence is maintained to-day. The Fortnightly is connected with no other group or publication. It owes allegiance to no single party or political interest. It is edited for those who need to be well informed.

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THE FORTNIGHTLY

SEPTEMBER 1954

FRANCE SINCE INDO-CHINA

JUST over a year ago a Gaullist deputy, now a minister, warned his countrymen that the Indo-China war was proving as dangerous to the Fourth Republic as the Mexican expedition had been to Napoleon III. Battles in a distant continent have again claimed men and resources sorely needed nearer home. As many officers were killed every year in Indo-China as passed out of officer training units in the same period, and while this drain continued a European army was bound to be dominated by the Germans. American dollars indeed eased the financial burden. But even these were a mixed blessing, for they helped timid finance ministers to put off the long overdue attack on the stagnant, ramshackle, uncompetitive French economy, and they involved a humiliating reliance on foreign aid which might even influence the judgment of French ministers, and threaten the independence of French policy. Above all, as the conflict dragged on, the successive Governments came increasingly to seem incapable either of making war or of making peace.

Wars in Indo-China have been loathed in France since Jules Ferry's day. Any cabinet which proposed to send conscripts would have committed political suicide. Direct American or British aid was not available, and if it had been, French opinion feared the massive Chinese intervention which it might provoke. But if the pacific Left restricted the Government's freedom of action, so did the nationalist Right. Conservatives and imperialists would hear neither of negotiations with the enemy, nor of conceding to Vietnam the genuine independence without which anti-Communist Indo-Chinese could not hope to resist the Vietminh. Thus neither France herself nor her allies nor her local supporters would wage the war wholeheartedly. Tongking was doomed on the benches of the National Assembly long before it was lost in the swamps of Dien-Bien-Phu.

M. Mendès-France has broken out of the impasse. In 1950 he was denounced as a neutralist and defeatist for advocating peace by negotiation when circumstances were relatively favourable. But when years of promised victories and actual retreats culminated at Dien-Bien-Phu, this past record gave him both his opportunity of power and his chance of success. Precisely because he was known to favour peace on any reasonable terms, he was the only prime minister who might in a great emergency have persuaded the Assembly to send conscripts; precisely because the Communists knew this, they agreed, within his time-limit, to a settlement better than had been expected.

In was inevitable, but also ironical and unfortunate, that he should obtain office just as his predecessors' chickens were coming home to roost from Hanoi and Tunis, Rabat and Bonn. It was inevitable because

summoning M. Mendès-France was a desperate measure, only conceivable in a desperate situation. It was ironical because he has always held that only by setting her domestic house in order can France equip herself to play an effective part abroad. It was unfortunate because the chronic difficulty of French politics confronts him in an unusually acute form. After years of procrastination the problems which crowd upon him all clamour for urgent, immediate, and therefore simultaneous attention; but since the alignment of parties and opinion is different on each of them, there is no coherent majority, in Parliament or in the country, upon which he can rely.

Yet he enjoys several assets not shared by his predecessors. First stands his own deserved reputation for clear-sightedness, for indifference to office and popularity, for facing the facts rather than passing the buck. He knows his own objectives, he has earned public confidence, and he has chosen a cabinet of young newcomers, more single-minded than previous ministries despite its division on the European army. Yet his massive parliamentary majorities are dangerously insecure. His most consistent supporters are the Socialists, who hold no office; the M.R.P., Conservative and Radical ministers represent dissentient wings of parties which are for the most part openly or covertly hostile; the Gaullists, though more sympathetic, cannot stomach the European policy which would win over M.R.P.; the intermittent Communist support does the Government much harm. Moreover, new men cannot be brought in without old ones being left out; and M. Mendès-France's popularity with youth and with many back-benchers is offset by the distrust and even hatred of the established party leaders.

These are mostly honest and well-intentioned men who have done their best in very difficult circumstances. Yet whatever their merits, in one respect they have wholly failed. Not one of them could evoke any feeling of hope among ordinary citizens, or successfully summon them to make sacrifices for their country's future. M. Mendès-France may prove able to do this; and if so the " Mendès-France myth ", which his critics decry, will be the Fourth Republic's most valuable asset.

He has undertaken an uphill task. The French economy is overweighted with small farms and small firms, and any serious economic reconstruction must eliminate many of them. This will provoke political resistance in which a ' New Deal ' may well founder. M.R.P. may remain critical and Socialists aloof; Gaullists may turn against him on the European army, Conservatives and reactionary Radicals on North Africa or on economic policy. If he survives these early weeks he may at last seriously set about modernizing the French economy, adjusting imperial policy to the facts of the mid-twentieth century, reviving the high hopes which his countrymen entertained ten years ago, and through the restoration of her morale and the revival of her economy enabling France to take once again her proper place in world affairs.

UNITED STATES POLICY IN LATIN AMERICA

By N. P. Macdonald

IN the last issue of The Fortnightly Professor C. Northcote Parkinson made an analysis of United States policy in South-East Asia.* It is of interest to compare that policy with the attitude of the United States to Latin America, for in certain respects the basic facts of the present situation in both areas are similar. Like South-East Asia, Latin America is an important source of strategic materials; in the peak war year of 1944 it supplied the United States with her entire imports of antimony, white arsenic, bauxite, bismuth, vanadium and crude oil, and above half her imports of beryllium, cadmium, copper, lead, manganese, molybdenum, tin, tungsten and zinc. If South-East Asia includes bases essential to control of the Indian and Pacific Oceans so does Latin America provide bases vital to any power seeking to dominate the Atlantic and Pacific; and Latin America is also " practically defenceless, wide open to pressure, infiltration or invasion."

In South-East Asia, as Professor Parkinson showed, the United States is seeking simultaneously to create a defensive front against Communism while opposing the colonial régimes which would have provided the logical bastions for that front. In Latin America Washington is also attempting to create a defensive front against Communism, but while simultaneously maintaining what, to the Latin Americans, is a policy of treating their countries as United States colonies. A few days after Professor Parkinson's article appeared the *New York Times* published a dispatch from Washington under the heading " U.S. plans to exploit blows to colonialism." In this dispatch it was said that the French defeat in Indo-China and the impending British withdrawal from Suez " will put the United States in a position to proclaim publicly the views on self-determination of peoples that State Department officials have been privately urging on the British and more especially the French since the end of World War II." In consequence, it was added, the United States would be able to take the lead more effectively in fighting Communism. But these words will have been read with wry smiles in Latin America, where it is remembered that at all Inter-American conferences, and most recently at Caracas last March, the United States has consistently opposed declarations against the continued existence of European colonies in the Americas. As for self-determination, the Latin

* " American Policy in South-East Asia ". August 1954.

republics have sought it in vain in the economic sphere while recent events in Guatemala have shown the extent to which Washington will permit it in the political field.

It is true that the 20 republics ceased to be colonies in the old-fashioned sense early in the nineteenth century (except for Cuba, which gained its freedom more recently). Yet, as the Latin Americans see it, political independence of Spain and Portugal has meant less than it would have done had it been accompanied by economic independence, particularly from the United States. Certainly economic dependence was inevitable when the production and export of primary materials was Latin America's main means of support, as during the nineteenth century and the first quarter of the present century. But to-day the southern republics are in the throes of social and economic revolution, with the peasant and labouring classes becoming more important and more assertive. Their chief desire is to consume more of what they have been accustomed to export, produce more of what they have hitherto imported, and so raise their standard of living. To achieve this aim is, the Latin Americans hold, the best insurance that Communism will be not defeated but prevented.

Yet they are faced with a problem. They need capital in amounts which make the United States the only possible source; at the same time they want to throw off the neo-colonialism which, in their view, is the basic characteristic of their relationship with Washington. In fact they regard the economic policy adopted towards them by the United States since the war as approximating to indirect intervention in their internal affairs—in that Washington has virtually ignored their need for radical economic reforms and has denied them the means to carry them out. As in South-East Asia there are millions in Latin America with no education, no medical services and often with not enough to eat. In 1946 the director of the Food Supply Division of the Institute of Inter-American Affairs estimated that two-thirds of the population of Latin America was under-nourished. The Latin Americans are thus vitally concerned with such problems as the rationalization of agriculture, the opening up of undeveloped territories, illiteracy, better housing, improved communications.

Each country has its own problems, but there is everywhere a need for increased imports of capital and capital goods, for wider knowledge of technological methods, for guidance (not domination) in the development of domestic industries, for sanitation and for education. The 20 republics are doing a good deal to help themselves in these matters. They are also receiving help from the United Nations, which is currently responsible for technical assistance programmes in 11 Latin American States; they range from irrigation and forest development in Brazil to health education and animal disease control in Honduras. Much help

nas also been forthcoming from the World Bank in the shape of loans. But despite all this aid the Latin republics are still faced with the problem of finding the capital to match their development ambitions.

It is to the United States that they have looked for that capital. During the last war Washington supported numerous industrial projects in Latin America. Thus Brazil's production of pig-iron, steel ingots and rolled steel during the first six months of 1944 was respectively 67, 81 and 66 per cent. higher than in the first half of 1939. Between 1940 and 1944 the Export-Import Bank invested approximately $200,000,000 in Latin America, and Washington's southern neighbours were encouraged to believe that the United States would continue to aid their industrialization. At the Inter-American conference of 1945 the Mexican Foreign Minister, then Señor Ezquiel Padilla, declared: "Let us become industrialized by building an American world of consumers and high standards of living, by breaking the shackles of our agricultural communities which, incapable of creating large capital for industrialization, have continued producing only raw materials in the old colonial pattern, exploited by the highly-industrialized countries." In answer the United States proposed a programme of industrialization in Latin America and promised to provide the necessary equipment as soon as possible after the war.

But despite these undertakings the Mexico City conference contained the seeds of future disappointment for Latin America, for there were two opposing views within the United States delegation. One favoured an immediate and extensive programme of assistance to Latin America; the other laid stress on the need to rebuild Europe's wrecked industries and proposed only gradual help to the southern republics. The subsequent pattern of United States economic assistance showed that the latter view had prevailed. In the result, from July 1, 1945, to December 31, 1951, the United States aided its former enemies to the extent of $8,600,000,000; its former allies in western Europe received $5,600,000,000, and the Soviet Union and its satellites were given $750,000,000. In contrast the 20 Latin American republics received only $210,000,000, of which the largest item was for aid to Mexico in stamping out foot-and-mouth disease to avoid it spreading across the United States border. The whole of Latin America thus received less dollar aid in this period than Greece or Turkey. The southern republics realized that they had no automatic right to such aid, but when resentment was voiced at such treatment Washington answered that Latin America must rely on private investment from the United States rather than on official aid.

It is true that United States private investments in Latin America exceed those in the whole eastern hemisphere. But it is also true that the greater part of that capital is invested in the production of raw materials; nearly one-third is in petroleum, one-fifth in public services

and one-tenth in mining. Only one-sixth is invested in manufacturing industries. As a result the United States controls the principal means of production in several of the republics, apart from dominating the foreign trade of all of them. The Latin American view is that this hardly represents economic independence, and that, in any case, reliance on private capital is unsatisfactory in terms of social and economic development. Not only is that capital uncertain in its provision, but it is undesirable for another reason, outlined to the annual meeting of the World Bank at Mexico City in 1952 by the Mexican governor of the Bank, Señor Ramón Beteta. " We know (he said) that the abundance of foreign private capital can be of great help in correcting the disequilibria which economic development oftens causes in the balance of payments; but we also know, from our own experience, the dangers which an indiscriminate flow of foreign capital may create for a young country. Capital, no matter what its origin, and motivated by purely selfish interests, goes only where it will obtain the greatest yield, not where it will contribute most to the progress of the nation receiving it . . . Moreover private risk capital does not always arrive in time, nor in sufficient amount, to be helpful in the development of economically weak countries."

But no other kind of capital has been forthcoming from the United States, where it is now said that Latin America has never needed the equivalent of Marshall Aid. Instead, against the background of Communist aggression, Washington began, in 1951, to persuade Latin America to slow down industrialization and to concentrate instead on the production of raw materials, especially those of strategic importance. To Latin America this amounted to putting the clock back, and feelings were not improved when it was seen that the United States was paying top prices for materials from other parts of the world while insisting on holding down prices of Latin American products. In due course, as had happened before, the demand for materials slackened, and in 1953 the economy of Latin America was severely affected by the drop in prices and in world demand for raw materials. But this led to no reassessment of Latin American economic needs in Washington; the foreign aid programme for 1953-54 provides $947,700,000 for Europe, $1,768,900,000 for the Far East, but only $47,000,000 for Latin America. And as if to underline Washington's conception that the future pattern of Latin American economics should be the past pattern the Malone committee of the United States Senate has recently recommended that official stock-piling purchases should be accelerated in the western hemisphere " as the only dependable source " of critical materials in time of war, and that production facilities there should be " kept going ".

Altogether the Latin Americans regard the attitude of the United States towards them as indirectly encouraging social unrest. If, they

say, the Marshall Plan was designed to prevent the spread of Communism in Europe then, by the same token, it should have been given to Latin America; certainly there was misery to be alleviated in Europe, but there is also misery in Latin America, and Communism breeds as well in the miserable aftermath of history as in the miserable morrow of war.

It is against the background of such feelings that the present efforts of the United States to create a defensive front against Communism in Latin America must be considered. So far, it must be said, those efforts have had little success, for the Latin Americans not only resent United States economic policies towards them but believe that fear of Communism is being used by Washington as a text for direct intervention in their internal affairs. Intervention by the "Colossus of the North" was for many years the source of lively fear south of the Rio Grande—ever since, in fact, that river became the frontier between Mexico and the United States after the war of 1846-47, when Mexico was forced to cede Texas, New Mexico and California. Then there was the separation of Panama from Colombia with the assistance of Washington in 1903, and the frequent interference by the United States in the internal affairs of the Central American republics in more recent times. The introduction of the Good Neighbour policy in 1933 caused that fear to begin to fade. Yet 11 years later the United States did its best to unseat President Perón of Argentina, who rose to power primarily as a result of those social discontents to which Washington has so consistently turned a blind eye. Ten years later, again, events in Guatemala have, as Latin America sees it, shown that United States intervention has once more become a danger.

It was significant that, following the assumption of power in Guatemala by Colonel Castillo Armas, the meeting of American Foreign Ministers which had been called for July 7 to consider Guatemala should have been hastily cancelled at the instance of the United States. In this Mr. Dulles was fortunate for there is little doubt that if the meeting had taken place there would have been some plain speaking about his policy in Central America; for it was clear that not all the Latin republics took the view of events in Guatemala held by the United States. The list of republics sponsoring the meeting clearly showed that she had failed to gain the support of most of her major southern neighbours.

Of the nine sponsors, other than the United States, Nicaragua, Cuba and the Dominican Republic are under right-wing virtual dictatorships; and, with Honduras, Haiti, Costa Rica and Panama, they are all too close to the United States to risk giving offence to Washington—even if Panama is currently demanding a greater share in the profits of the canal. Of the first-rate Latin republics only Brazil and Peru were to be found among the sponsors of the meeting. Brazil is normally more friendly to the United States than is Spanish America, while Peru has a

predominantly military government; both, too, are suspicious of Argentine ambitions.

In contrast, there were expressions of support for Guatemala from many parts of Latin America. Demonstrations by students sympathetic to Guatemala took place in Bolivia, Cuba, Panama and Argentina, and in Chile and Uruguay where the United States embassies were attacked. More substantially, resolutions supporting Guatemala were passed by both houses of the Argentine Congress, and by the Chamber of Deputies in Chile and Uruguay. But perhaps most significant of all was the open support for Guatemala proclaimed by former President Cardenas of Mexico, under whose régime foreign oil properties in Mexico were expropriated, and who to-day remains one of the most powerful men in the country.

Not only in these countries where sympathy for Guatemala was openly expressed, but also elsewhere in Latin America, there are few who believe United States assertions that Communism in Guatemala would be a threat to the Panama Canal. Indeed, it has been said that, in regarding the canal as threatened by a country 800 miles away with an ill-equipped army of 6000 men, and where airfields could only be built and concealed with difficulty, the United States has betrayed a surprising lack of faith in its own ability to defend the waterway. Nor have Washington statements about Communist infiltration in Guatemala itself been taken much more seriously. There are Communists elsewhere in Latin America, and more numerous in proportion to the total electorate than in Guatemala. A recent State Department survey estimated the total membership of Communist parties in Latin America at 250,000, although not stating how many of these were active. The same survey showed that 14 of the 20 republics had outlawed their Communist parties but that, as in Brazil and Chile, they continued almost openly active; in Argentina, Colombia, Ecuador, Mexico and Uruguay Communist parties exist legally. Given this situation the Latin Americans have tended to discount United States alarm about Communism in Guatemala.

At the Caracas Conference last March the United States and the southern republics also failed to see eye to eye on this issue. True, a resolution on Communism in the Americas was passed by 17 votes to one, with Mexico and Argentina abstaining. But Guatemala would have been joined by other republics in opposing it had not Mr. Dulles agreed to amend his resolution to make it clear that the United States did not advocate a policy of intervention in the internal affairs of other States. The principle of non-intervention has been accepted in the Americas since the Buenos Aires of 1936, and it was re-affirmed at Bogotà in 1948. Mr. Dulles therefore agreed to include the assurance that " this declaration . . . is designed to protect and not to impair the inalienable right of each State freely to choose its own form of govern-

ment and economic system, and to live its social and cultural life."

To-day many Latin Americans find it difficult to match these words with recent United States policy towards Guatemala. They have not accused the United States of direct intervention, but they feel that Washington bears a considerable moral responsibility for what has occurred, holding that the Guatemalan exiles would have been unable to launch their invasion without at least tacit approval—even if no arms —from the United States. In Latin American eyes this has hardly been a policy of strict non-intervention, and his southern neighbours are rather wryly recalling a passage from the speech Mr. Dulles made at Caracas. "The slogan of non-intervention (he then said) can plausibly be invoked and twisted to give immunity to what is in reality flagrant intervention."

That, to Latin America, is exactly what the United States did over Guatemala; and to-day, although President Arbenz has resigned, the wider issues raised by events in and about that country remain. To some Latin American republics United States policy has appeared to go back on assurances given at Caracas, back almost to the days of Theodore Roosevelt's "big stick", of United States marines, fiscal and customs officials, and of warships making significant visits. Argentina, Mexico and Bolivia, which have either accomplished, or are attempting to carry through, social reforms not unlike those introduced by President Arbenz in Guatemala—and other countries which may follow their example—do not relish the prospect that their policies may become Communistic at the whim of Washington.

Rather than condemn such attempts at reform the United States, say the Latin Americans, should applaud them; for while reducing the breeding-grounds for Communism they bring nearer the achievement of genuine democracy in the Latin republics. But instead the United States is seen as encouraging dictators so long as they protect her investments while withholding support from much-needed economic development. Communism, weak in Latin America on Washington's own showing, is thus encouraged. But there are those in Latin America who consider that the United States pursues such policies with a purpose; for by virtually encouraging the growth of Communism she is simultaneously providing herself with the excuse for intervening to suppress it. A far-fetched idea? Perhaps; but so long as it is held there is little chance that the United States will be able to create an anti-Communist front from those who regard themselves indirectly and directly threatened more immediately from Washington than from Moscow.

SOIL OR SOCIETY IN UGANDA?

By D. J. Greenland

RECENT political disturbances have centred attention on the Baganda, the richest tribe amongst those forming the Protectorate of Uganda. Their wealth and their separate historical and political tradition give rise to the feeling that they should be independent of less fortunate tribes in other parts of the Protectorate, and that perhaps they could be less dependent on British Colonial Office administration. Although the poorer tribes have no such grounds for seeking political independence, the desire for it is still expressed; their political problems are less acute, but the problem of development is more difficult. To study the present economic position of one such tribe an Oxford University Expedition spent three months in the West Nile District of Uganda last year.

Buganda is blessed with a climate and soil capable of producing fine crops of valuable cotton, but many of the more remote areas of the Protectorate are unsuitable for cotton or other cash crops. Before the advent of the European at the end of the last century a subsistence economy was all that was ever envisaged by the peoples living there. Development has however been thrust upon them; the idea has taken firm root, so that there are now very few tribes in Uganda or elsewhere who do not accept the idea of progress dealt out by colonial powers. Administration, medical services, agricultural improvements; all must be paid for, at least in some measure, by taxes. And there are things to buy; cloth, simple utensils, cigarettes, salt, soap, matches. The need for cash has become as pressing to the primitive African as it is to ourselves, but it is more difficult for him to make money. His total needs are not very great—his annual budget might be 18s. as poll tax and a few pounds cover his expenditure on the simple items he likes to buy. His resources are his soil and his labour. At the moment everywhere in Uganda the soil provides sufficient food for those immediately dependent on it, though doubtless in time increasing population and the deterioration of the soil that is bound to occur with more intensive use will lead to food problems. In much of the southern part of Uganda the soil produces sufficient cash crops for the peasant farmer to be able not only to meet his most pressing needs but also, if he wishes to expend the energy, to become relatively wealthy. Even in the "poor North" it is usually possible for the peasant farmer to produce sufficient to cover

his essential requirements.

In only one case has the necessity arisen for the African to use his labour other than on his own soil to obtain the cash now essential to his simple life. Large numbers of young men of the Lugbara tribe of the West Nile District travel the 500 miles to Buganda every year to work on sugar plantations or for a cotton farmer, returning to West Nile after several months with perhaps a few pounds saved and a few presents of cloth. The reasons for this " labour migration " are usually said to be the economic poverty of the Lugbara highlands and the desire of the Lugbara young men to see the " bright lights " of the south. This is partly true but does not cover the whole picture. Certainly the efforts of the Agricultural Officers to find a cash crop suited to the Lugbara highlands have so far failed, and certainly some feeling has arisen that a young man who has not been to the south is a poor type; but it is also true that the proportion of young men on labour migration from each of the Lugbara counties is directly proportional to the density of population of the county. It has been shown that agriculturally there is no discernible difference between the most crowded parts of the Lugbara area having a high labour migration rate and the less crowded parts of West Nile regarded as relatively prosperous. The same amount of land is cultivated per head of population; the traditional system of agriculture, one that is ideally blended to their soil, is still followed with only minor modifications caused by the introduction of new crops. Soil erosion, often the most serious effect of land shortage, is much more serious in some of the less crowded areas. It is not shortage of land for agricultural use that drives the young men south.

If we study the social instead of the agricultural picture the effects of the high population density are very soon evident. The Lugbara like all primitive farming communities are closely tied to their soil, and their descriptions of personal relations are given in terms of land and soil. If we bear this in mind it is not so surprising that you hear in the more highly populated areas the frequent cry: " Here there are no fields—the land is all gone." It is the natural expression of the social discontent that has arisen among an independent people accustomed to living in very small family units under no central authority on finding themselves tied down to live within fixed boundaries with no unoccupied areas to separate them from their neighbours, and under the authority of a government-appointed chief.

The Lugbara live on a high plateau, cool, green and well watered, separated from the rest of Uganda by the broad grey waters of the Albert Nile. Their fierce independence protected them from outside interference until 1900, and only in 1914 with the appointment of a very remarkable English District Commissioner was any effective administration introduced. Their traditional pattern of settlement was in widely scattered family groups, stretches of bushland separating the groups and

providing grazing areas, places for carrying on the frequent inter-clan feuds and allowing unhindered expansion of a group when necessary. The increase of population has meant the rapid disappearance of these areas of unoccupied bush between groups and the fixation of clan boundaries has served to aggravate the disputes over intervening areas of fertile land. The Lugbara dislike having their neighbours too close; they say it means they will be able to see if they prosper, and to bewitch them if they do—bewitching being a means of expressing envy of a more prosperous neighbour. Frequently in the past it took active forms such as cattle raids. Accusations of witchcraft are very common amongst the Lugbara nowadays. To these grievances are added the universal ones of having to pay taxes, of having to grow famine-reserve crops, of having to carry out building tasks at the direction of the newly appointed chief. All their grievances find expression in the cry: "Here there is no land."

At the moment the shortage of land in West Nile is not an agricultural but a social phenomenon. Perhaps "land pressure" would be a better description. But it is only the possibility of money being raised by the young men going away to the south of Uganda to work for long periods that prevents the signs of over-crowding appearing in the agriculture. Although the soil of the Lugbara plateau is not suitable for producing good crops of coffee or cotton it can grow tobacco. The returns are poor for the amount of labour involved but there are already some Lugbara farmers who grow quite large amounts. If a cash crop is to replace labour migration as a source of income it will mean the breakdown of the system of agriculture which at present saves the soil from erosion, for not only must land be found for the tobacco but more will be needed to grow food to feed the young men who would then have to stay at home. Already all the spare land has been taken up and only by reducing the restorative period of fallow can more be found to meet these needs. The Lugbara farmer has the natural conservativeness of all farmers and has been reluctant to change his ways. He prefers the temporary loss of his sons to the permanent loss of his soil.

Is then labour migration a fine thing, the saviour of the soil? Does it answer the problem of introducing a cash economy to an area where the soil is unable to support one? A glance at the social picture shows what unhappy effects it has. A moment's thought about what happens to any society when 20 per cent. of its young men are away is enough to dispel any illusions about the blessings of labour migration. A young husband may return to find his wife taken over by another man—and this will be followed by a long quarrel over the return of bridewealth from the family of the errant bride to the family of the unhappy groom. Similarly a young man may find the temptations of the bright lights of Kampala too much for him and he will stay in the south, leaving his family to take care of itself. The care of the land becomes more and

more the concern of the women, and the traditional farming methods become less and less respected. Religious observances, dances and sacrifices, lose their significance when there are no young men present. All the factors binding the individuals into a society suffer from the disintegrating effects of the absence of one of the most important components. And as land pressure increases the amount of labour migration increases, further accelerating the rate of social disintegration. A vicious circle is constructed from which it is difficult to break out.

Here is the dilemma: which should be preserved, the society or the soil? It is a question that cannot be satisfactorily answered, since in the struggle to maintain the society by exploiting the soil only temporary relief will be gained, for soil erosion will soon make it impossible for the society to support itself. If the decision is that the soil is to be preserved then the continued social disintegration will mean that the care of the soil will gradually be given to those who do not understand how to preserve it, and the soil will also suffer. Soil and society are so closely knit that the problem of the healthy maintenance of either is one problem.

This dilemma affects all primitive societies eager for development. Where the soil is capable of sustaining a cash economy or where there are alternative resources so that labour can be used on the spot then economic development may proceed smoothly. For the other areas it would be easy to suggest that they should be left to maintain themselves at a subsistence level, but this is no longer possible even if desirable. The desire for progress, or rather the desire to possess money which means much the same thing to the primitive African, has taken such deep root that there is no possibility of a return to a subsistence economy. Either the people's labour or their soil or both will be exploited to meet the demand for progress. That this means that soil and community together will suffer is something that it is essential to recognize and efforts must be made to ensure that the deterioration of either does not pass that critical stage where recovery is impossible. To suggest how this can be done is much more difficult than stating that it should be done. In fact it is doubtful if we have the knowledge at the moment to say how such primitive societies can be satisfactorily developed.

The only possibilities that exist are to improve the methods of utilization of the resources already available: labour and soil. In Uganda the policy of development of the country for the benefit of its native peoples has perhaps been more strongly adhered to than in other parts of the British Empire. The situation is not vitiated by the presence of a white settler community and although many of the tribes living in Uganda would be glad to be free of the British, there is none of the acute racial bitterness that so bedevils development elsewhere. It might then seem possible that a policy of successful urbanization could be pursued, the Africans from the poor areas forming the working class of the towns. The attention already being given to Community Development projects

in Uganda gives hope that such a movement could proceed without the formation of the frightening slums of Johannesburg and Nairobi. Before any successful urbanization can take place however there are a great many difficulties to overcome. It is only possible in the less remote areas of Uganda, centring on the established townships of Kampala and Jinja, and even here the possibilities of industrial development are limited; although there is scope for the processing of exportable agricultural products to be carried out before they leave the country, and possibilities in the development of natural resources such as phosphate deposits as fertilizers (it has still to be shown how these natural phosphate deposits can best be utilized for the benefit of the soil). But assuming there are industries to develop and the men capable of running them the problems of establishing an urban working class remain. A primitive people removed from their homeland quickly lose the stabilizing influence of their religion and indigenous family and political authority. Even when the movement is not of menfolk only but of whole family groups, social disintegration is liable to set in due to the loss of individual pride—the Lugbara, a settled agricultural community have pride in the ownership of land; other formerly pastoral tribes, or tribes practising shifting cultivation, had their pride in the ownership of cattle. The change from these values to those of an urban community working for cash seems invariably to be followed by a change in moral values, usually for the worse. That is what has happened in almost every example of urbanization in Africa. The problems of housing and feeding the new populations of the towns will be great—far-sighted planning with adequate financial backing might provide the housing, but to feed the new populations will require new agricultural schemes, for the northerners are *akanabulo*, millet-eaters—whereas the Baganda staple is the plantain. The slighting manner in which the Baganda talk of the northerners as "*akanabulo*" is typical of their attitude towards them. Because they are richer, have been in contact with Europeans for longer and have a monarchial system which can be traced back several centuries (a system so recently affronted by the exiling of the Kabaka), and are at least nominally a Christian kingdom they feel themselves greatly superior to the ignorant tribesmen of the north. At the same time they are afraid of the physically superior northerners who come to live in the south and already have a reputation for lawlessness. The problem of interracial strife not between white man and black but between Africans themselves may perhaps be the greatest obstacle of all to the settling of the northerners as urban communities in the towns of the south.

Obscured by these difficulties of urbanization is the question of how much the rich red soils of Buganda will stand. For they will be required to produce more and more cash crops for the industries to deal with and more and more food to support the workers. At the moment there are no signs of the serious effects erosion can have in Buganda, but

the natural luxuriant vegetation is replaced by ordered fields of otton it is certain that control of erosion will present a problem of ever- creasing seriousness. We have returned to the fundamental fact that nless a society can preserve its soil in a fruitful condition it is doomed • extinction. If the development of the more primitive tribes of Uganda to take place by exploitation of the poor soils of their homelands, then viously the problems of soil improvement and conservation are of rime importance. If it is to take place by the exploitation of their bour in towns far from their homelands the improvement and conser- tion of the soil remain of prime importance, but the soil concerned w will be that most capable of further development. Development labour rather than soil resources involves a much more difficult social oblem but an easier agricultural one.

At one time the only question thought to exist in tropical agriculture as of how more could be produced. Increases in yields were achieved the expense of the soil, and the rapidity with which disastrous erosion veloped after exhaustion of the soil brought home to many countries e need for careful study before full utilization of their resources could attained. Recently much stimulus has been given to agricultural search throughout the colonies, but there is bound to be a time lag fore the benefits start to become obvious. What then can we say of e future of such primitive areas as the West Nile District of Uganda? seems certain that "labour migration" must gradually become a drift to the towns". This will relieve the land pressure in West Nile d allow agricultural improvements to take effect there. A balance tween the rate of agricultural improvement and rate of population crease should be maintained by the drift to the towns. Perhaps if fficient progress can be made in the development of agriculture the ifficult social problems of the creation of urban communities will be voidable, but it seems that both the formation of urban communities d the improvement of agriculture must proceed simultaneously.

The author was soil scientist to last year's Oxford University Expedition the West Nile District of Uganda which was led by a social anthropologist.)

BEHIND THE SCENES OF INTERNATIONAL FINANCE

By Paul Einzig

DURING the 1920's the frequent meetings between Montagu Norman, Benjamin Strong of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, Dr. Schacht, and other Central Bank Governors, were surrounded by an atmosphere of mystery that was bound to attract the maximum of publicity. The subjects discussed at these meetings were, after all, matters of great public interest. The financial press in this country and abroad did its utmost to discover what was happening behind the scenes of international finance. Notwithstanding the secrecy in which relations between Central Banks were enveloped, a great deal of information did in fact transpire. From time to time the world was informed that a fierce struggle for supremacy was going on beneath the smooth surface of co-operation between Central Banks. Now and then sharp exchanges between Central Bank Governors were reported to have occurred. Above all, the Bank of France was repeatedly accused of having abused its abnormally large sterling balances for bringing political pressure to bear on the British authorities. All such reports were flatly denied at the time from all official quarters, and the historian was at a loss how much of them to accept.

In the circumstances the publication of the diary of the late Emile Moreau,* Governor of the Bank of France in the '20's, is a literary event that is very welcome to seekers of truth. There have indeed never been more candid disclosures of closely-guarded secrets than those found in the six-hundred-odd pages of this book. It is true there is evidence of a passage deleted here and there, and it is easy to imagine how indiscreet these passages must be, judging by the almost unprecedented degree of indiscretion of many of the observations the editor of the volume has allowed to appear in print.

Whether or not the late M. Moreau had posterity in view when jotting down his daily experiences and impressions while they were fresh in his mind, it was in accordance with his wishes that his widow authorized the publication of his diary. The entries begin on June 24, 1926, the day when he was appointed Governor, and end on June 28, 1928, a few days after the completion of the work of the stabilization of the franc. The diary covers a most interesting period, that of the successful effort made by France under the Premiership of Poincaré to save the franc

* Emile Moreau, *Souvenirs d'un Gouverneur de la Banque de France.* Paris 1954. Librairie de Medicis.

rom a disastrous depreciation and to restore France to the position of a irst-rate financial power. It contains a wealth of factual material, and t throws new light both on the inner political and financial history of rance and on the history of Anglo-French relations during that period. dmittedly, many of the facts were published at the time in contempor-ry books and articles. It is one thing, however, to give the authors of hose books and articles the benefit of the doubt in the complete absence f official confirmation, and a totally different thing to have the facts ully confirmed by one of the principal actors of the drama.

From the point of view of French history, the diary has certainly com-elled us to revise our picture of the way in which the franc was saved. t goes a long way towards disposing of the " Poincaré legend ". Hither-o the accepted version has been that Poincaré was a financial genius who ucceeded where his predecessors failed, because he produced a brilliant lan for stabilizing the france, and carried it out with unswerving etermination. A totally different picture emerges from Moreau's diary. t now seems that Poincaré, when he assumed office amidst a grave finan-ial crisis, had no financial plan at all. He was persuaded to adopt the lan elaborated by a committee of experts appointed by his predecessor, Caillaux. Nor was he very steadfast in the pursuit of that plan. Indeed, udging by the daily entries of the diary, Poincaré was changing his ind from day to day. To the very last moment he was hesitating whether to consent to the stabilization of the franc instead of causing it o appreciate further in spite of the grave difficulties such appreciation ould inflict on the French economy. On the very eve of the stabilization e threatened to resign rather than assume responsibility for stabilizing he franc at one-fifth of its pre-war value.

It may occur to the reader that conceivably Moreau's picture is unfair o Poincaré. Was the ex-Governor not inclined to minimize the credit hat was due to his political chief, so as to increase the credit due to him-elf? A careful study of the daily entries does not leave one with that mpression. The description of the exasperating struggle he had with oincaré and with the financiers and politicians who had influenced the atter certainly bears the hallmark of truth. The dramatic, and at times elodramatic scenes contained in the entries of the diary have every ppearance of having been made while the memory of the event was uite fresh in the writer's mind.

In any case, in spite of Moreau's disclosures, Poincaré's claim to be egarded as the saviour of the franc remains substantially unaffected. he oft-quoted remark which Baron Louis, Finance Minister of the estoration period, addressed to his fellow-Ministers: " *Faites moi de onne politique, je vous ferai de bonnes finances* " certainly does apply n this case. Poincaré saved the franc, not by producing an ingenious nancial plan but by producing a stable Government which inspired con-dence. The merit of the technical execution of the financial plan cer-

tainly belongs to Moreau who had to proceed, to a large extent unaided by Poincaré, and indeed at times hampered by him. But all his efforts would have been of no avail if France had continued to drift from one political crisis to another. It is thanks to Poincaré's political strength, and to the confidence his strength inspired, that Moreau was able to do his job. There is no evidence in the diary that Moreau had adequately appreciated the full extent of what he owed to his difficult chief.

The diary reveals an almost unbelievable maze of intrigues that was going on between politicians and financiers in France. Some of the facts disclosed are certainly stranger than fiction. To the British reader the discovery in the Bank of France of a listening post through which the Governor's conversations could be tapped may sound too fantastic to be believed. Moreau and one of the " regents " of the Bank were of course duly shocked. But the remark that he decided to have the listening post destroyed, in spite of the high cost of its installation (" it cost several hundreds of thousands of francs ") puts the matter in its true perspective, as a minor incident entirely in keeping with the atmosphere of intrigues that surrounded him. Indeed to judge by many of his entries, he was fighting a lone battle against self-seeking Ministers, ex-Ministers and other politicians, Treasury officials, Bank officials and others ready to stab him in the back. If only half the actions and intentions he attributes to all these people corresponded to reality his task was anything but enviable.

Intrigues were not confined to domestic matters. The entries of the diary dealing with international matters also suggest a hitherto unsuspected degree of double-dealing on the part of most Central Bankers. To believe the evidence provided by Moreau, loyalty does not appear to have been the strong side of some of them in their dealings with each other. During the 1920's most European Central Bank Governors owed a debt of gratitude to Montagu Norman and the Bank of England for the assistance they received to enable them to stabilize their currencies. Yet with two notable exceptions, they displayed ingratitude the moment they entered Moreau's parlour. Possibly they were not discouraged from doing so. There may have been strong temptation for them to tell Moreau what he wanted to hear. Evidently they were keen on hunting with the hounds and running with the hare.

There is enough material of such a character in the book to turn almost any idealist into a cynic. The high point is reached with an entry dated May 23, 1928, in which Moreau quotes Benjamin Strong as informing him that, if Norman should not adopt the course favoured by them, he (Strong) would have the means of pressing their policy within the court of directors of the Bank of England, with the aid of certain directors. So much for the proverbial Strong-Norman friendship.

The diary brings out strikingly the contrast between the overwhelmingly politically-minded French character and the overwhelmingly

economically-minded British character. When Norman tries to assist countries such as Rumania or Yugoslavia to stabilize their currencies Moreau suspects him of playing at power-politics at the expense of France. Indeed, Evelyn Waugh's characterization of Monsieur Mouton, the French diplomat in *Black Mischief*, who suspects Machiavellian designs behind the most harmless actions of his British opposite number, comes to life in Moreau's diary. He was distinctly inclined to judge others by himself when he accused Norman of imperialist designs, and when he complained of the alleged dictatorship exercised by the Bank of England over the Central Banks in its sphere of influence. On February 27, 1928, he records the fact that he "refused" the request of M. Kiriacesco, of the National Bank of Rumania, who was staying in Paris, to "authorize" him to go to London to pay Norman a courtesy visit. It is quite certain that the Bank of England never attempted to dictate the movements of officials of friendly Central Banks.

Again and again Moreau accuses the Bank of England of trying to force the smaller Central Banks to keep in London their gold and foreign exchange reserves. Yet this is exactly what he himself was doing. On April 10, 1928, he received the Governor of the Bank of Poland and demanded that his bank should deposit with the Bank of France all the gold it kept on deposit abroad, and to entrust the Bank of France with the management of part of its foreign exchange reserve.

Elsewhere Moreau grows indignant about allegations that were supposed to have been made by the Bank of England in Geneva and in New York that the Bank of France was acting as an instrument of the foreign policy of the Quai d'Orsay. Yet there are scores of entries confirming the essentially political character of Moreau's efforts to retain the countries of eastern Europe in the French political sphere of influence. To quote a typical instance, on January 27, 1928, Moreau made this entry:

> M. Rist expressed his fears that the Anglo-Yugoslav financial negotiations are making good progress. Should the Bank of England deprive us of this client, to whose retention we attach importance for political reasons, I shall buy gold in London to indicate my dissatisfaction.

This brings us to an aspect of the diary which is by far the most revealing. It was pointed out at the beginning of this article that allegations made in the late 1920's that France was making political use of the financial power she possessed through holding large sterling balances were firmly denied at the time. They were denied not only from French official quarters but, for reasons which can easily be understood, also by the Bank of England. But the above quotation leaves no doubt about Moreau's intentions in this respect. They are confirmed by another entry, dated February 21, 1928:

> M. Poincaré gave his approval of the plan I proposed. He agrees that I should leave for London immediately, without regard to Norman's illness. I told him that Norman may refuse to meet us on the question of the dividing line between our respective spheres of influence in Europe, and that . . . it would then become

necessary to envisage a pressure on sterling.

There is also evidence in the diary that Moreau's intention was in fact translated into action. It is true, his account of his discussions at the Bank of England on February 22 contains no evidence that he employed any actual threats. But on February 29 there is the following entry:

M. Pouyanne, our Financial Attaché in London, told MM. Quesney and Moret that we were wrong in threatening the Bank of England.....

.....

This is one of the passages in the volume which the editor of the diary (presumably M. Jacques Rueff, who contributed the Preface to it) considered necessary to " censure ". What he allowed to appear is, however, sufficient to remove any doubt that Moreau had informed the Bank of England about his intention of bringing pressure on sterling unless his claims about the French sphere of influence in eastern Europe were recognized in London.

This is confirmed also by an entry dated April 28, giving an account of Moreau's conversation with Norman. In this he quotes himself as having told the latter that, unless collaboration between the Bank of England and the Bank of France developed to his satisfaction, " *je reprendrai tout ma liberté d'action.*" This threat could only mean that, unless his demands were complied with , he would increase, by means of heavy withdrawals of gold, Britain's difficulties in maintaining the gold standard.

Fortunately all this is now long-forgotten past history. To-day relations between the Bank of England and the Bank of France leave nothing to be desired. But when those responsible for the publication of this interesting book decided to deliver, after an interval of quarter of a century, Moreau's violently anti-British message from beyond the grave, they could not have expected that the challenge would pass unnoticed and unanswered from this side. The diary provides evidence that in 1928 France grossly abused her financial power by pursuing her political ambitions, at the risk of causing grave international financial disturbances. Fortunately the incidents referred to in the volume are sufficiently remote, and Anglo-French friendship is now sufficiently well established, to allow for the discussion of historical facts without any feeling of bitterness on either side. Amidst the fundamentally changed situation the disclosure of the facts of this experiment in pursuing imperialistic designs with the aid of financial means is not likely to cause more resentment over here than would the publication of some new evidence of Napoleon's imperialistic designs.

From a practical as distinct from historical point of view, the publication of the diary at the present stage provides a useful reminder of the extent to which a country may become vulnerable to political pressure if it tries to maintain the convertibility of its currency without adequate gold reserves. The reason why Moreau was able to attempt to impose

his will on British policy was that the Bank of England's gold reserve was not sufficiently strong to enable it to view with equanimity any withdrawals of French sterling balances. Those sterling balances had not been conjured out of thin air. They represented the counterpart of the privately-owned French refugee funds which were gradually repatriated during 1926-28 as and when confidence in the franc became restored. During previous years when those funds found their way to London they materially contributed towards strengthening sterling. The British authorities did not then consider it necessary to retain the gold counterpart of the French balances. It was allowed to disappear, largely through lending abroad beyond our means, so that when France was in a position to reclaim her funds the gold was not there. Britain had sought to maintain the gold standard, even though the existence of these uncovered French claims constituted a constant threat.

History might easily repeat itself. It is possible to visualize an accumulation of a large sterling balance by Soviet Russia with the aid of an increase of the sales of Russian gold in London. If the gold counterpart of such sterling balances is allowed to disappear through excessive consumption and imports encouraged by the increase of our gold reserve, Britain might easily find herself in a position in which sterling is at the mercy of Moscow, in the same way as it was at the mercy of Paris in 1928. In particular her position would become highly vulnerable if sterling were made convertible while the Damocles sword of Russian balances is hanging over its head. It is true, the chances are that the United States would come to our aid if the Kremlin should try to misuse its financial power for political purposes. But this again would increase Britain's dependance on the goodwill and support of the United States. And it is conceivable that Russian pressure might be timed to coincide with a situation in American domestic politics which would prevent the Washington Administration from providing dollar aid at the time it is needed.

Such speculations may appear to be far-fetched. But if anyone had suggested in the summer of 1926, when France was on the verge of a political and financial collapse, that in less than two years she would be able to dictate her terms in London thanks to the possession of large officially owned sterling balances, any such idea would have been regarded as the height of absurdity. It would be a mistake, therefore, to dismiss lightly the possibility of a repetition of history. The lessons of 1928 emerge from Moreau's diary with remarkable clarity. They should be heeded by those responsible for our monetary policy. The mistake of the 1920's in trying to maintain the convertibility of sterling without adequate gold reserves must in no circumstances be repeated.

BEYOND CRICHEL DOWN

By Deryck Abel

THE Crichel Down affair is over. A minister has fallen. High officials have been reshuffled. Reverberations echo throughout the halls of the great departments of State. A text should be boldly inscribed on the portico of each Government edifice: "The liberty of each, limited alone by the like liberty of all." For that is the lesson of Crichel Down—and of sundry earlier *causes célèbres*, notably the Willcock Identity Card case which hit the headlines in the summer of 1951. Curran's portentous phrase that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance, though doubtless noted by Macaulay's schoolboy, comes less frequently to adult lips. But at least it has been vindicated at Crichel Down. This is in itself all the more refreshing in an age which knows too well the corruption of power and the absolute corruption of absolute power. Whether new principles of action have been established, or old principles successfully reasserted, remains debatable, but, on one issue, justice has been done and been seen to be done.

The minutiae of the Crichel Down case need not preoccupy us; they have attracted excellent publicity elsewhere. This article is concerned with the broader and larger questions of personal and civil freedom which Crichel Down focuses and illuminates—the future of administrative law and administrative justice and the lessons from French and American experience, the prospects for immediate reforms to slacken the tempo and to reduce the spate of delegated legislation, and the expansion of civil liberty yet again after a 40-year period of decay and retrogression since we went to war in freedom's name on August 4, 1914.

Despite its contrasting antecedents, England can learn much from the evolution of French administrative law since 1789. The rich and tumultuous variety of political forms with which the French genius has experimented during the constitutional era has drawn sustenance and strength from its administrative law. That is the ever-constant factor. Until 1789, legislative power in Bourbon France, even the power of initiating legislation, resided in the person of the monarch. In England, the Glorious Revolution of 1689, exalting as it did John Locke's theory of contract between sovereign and subject, had likewise exalted the English legislature—henceforward the true sovereign. An autonomous administrative law subsequently evolved in the First and Second Empires and in the Third and Fourth Republics, intertwined with an hierarchical

structure in local government, substantially independent of the central ministries of State. *Règlements autonomes*—the ordinances of the *départements*—are the order of the day. Admittedly, there is no power to amend statute law, and this is all to the good; such a phenomenon as the notorious "Henry VIII" clause of our inter-war ministries is unknown in France. But French logic is so precise in its interpretation of the doctrine of the separation of powers that it even categorizes the police force as a section, not of the executive, but of the judiciary—a viewpoint which premises obvious dangers. The *Conseil d'Etat* is, however, the grand forum. It hears cases in which the subject seeks annulment of, or redress against damage from, an administrative decision; it enjoys appellate jurisdiction in matters which come up to it from the Prefects' Councils; and, perhaps most important, it hears the appeal against the (allegedly) *ultra vires* act of an administrative judge. All this is outside the terrain and the scope of most English discussion, although Professor William Robson has gallantly campaigned for a quarter-of-a-century for the formation of an English administrative court of appeal like the French *Conseil d'Etat*. Professor George Keeton has commented that there is a remedy for pretty well every administrative wrong in France. What a contrast with English practice, where the court is powerless to come to the aid of the subject, once a problem has been classified as administrative rather than semi-judicial! The Francophobia of one of the greatest of English jurists, A. V. Dicey, tickled the palate of English patriotism far too long. As Sir Cecil Carr has rightly observed in *Concerning English Administrative Law* (1941), Dicey (wrongly) "wasted pity on the French for being at the mercy of officials whom they could not bring into the ordinary courts, when in truth the special courts for deciding disputes between citizens and officials in France were working most acceptably and giving a practical remedy where English citizens got none." Surely, without subscribing to any practice which might encourage inordinate (police) interference with personal freedom, it is not beyond the wit of Englishmen to draw upon what is best in French administrative practice and shape it to English needs in the light of native tradition.

American experience largely reinforces the argument. The doctrine of the separation of powers dominates the American scene, where the joint impact of a written constitution with the division between state rights and federal rights contrives to blunt the edge of administrative encroachment. The intellectual climate puts, as it were, anything like the "Henry VIII" clause "out of court", for the Supreme Court can intervene against any extravagant delegation of power by the legislature to the executive, and, moreover, administrative agencies in the United States have no power to amend a statute. The practice of conferring specific powers either upon federal government departments or upon such typic-

ally American administrative agencies as the Commissions (to which, incidentally, considerable powers of adjudication are entrusted), is in itself a notable example of the American historic preoccupation with the task of reducing a central government's facilities for mischief-making. Naturally an anxious situation develops whenever an American administrative agency, like a British Administrative Tribunal, simultaneously legislates, prosecutes and judges. Even so the Administrative Procedure Act of 1946 reaffirmed the principle of judicial review. That principle is indeed paramount—at least ideally—and it curbs every tentacular movement by bureaucracy to extend its powers of adjudication.

Delegated legislation is too often explained away as an inevitable concomitant of a welfare society and as a relatively minor facet of the transition from a 'neutral' to an 'active' State. That argument has been worked to death, and, in any case, the process had already accelerated during the 25 years before the 1914-1918 war in the happier days of a free economy. Nowadays, when the annual output of sub-legislation is more than nine times as great as the annual output of parent statutes, sympathy is mounting for Sir Waldron Smithers' oft-repeated plea for a reversion from the 26,000 Statutory Instruments to the original Ten Commandments. How many Ministers or Members of Parliament can correctly differentiate, for example, between the variants of sub-legislation—Rules, Orders and Regulations—not to mention sub-sub-legislation? Even the nomenclature is crying out for reform. "Where the laws be few", declared Harrington in *Oceana*, "they leave much to arbitrary power; but where they be many, they leave more." The case against delegated legislation, or against an excess of delegated legislation, is well-known. It need not be re-stated here, save to recapitulate the techniques of the "New Despotism" as enunciated by the late Lord Hewart in his book of that name (1929): to modify provisions of Statutes; to take power to determine as the Minister thinks fit; to secure that the Minister's decision shall be final and conclusive; to secure that the Minister's Orders shall be final and conclusive; to secure that the Minister's Rules, Orders and Regulations shall have effect as if enacted in the Act.

The problem has often been adumbrated. What of the remedies? Three abuses in particular require urgent alleviation or redress. The first was illustrated by the indecorous, nay, thoroughly objectionable, conduct of certain officials towards Commander Marten in the Crichel Down case. The remedy is to ensure that when an official prepares for his department a report which involves the rights of a particular individual, that person should be accorded facilities to read the report and to make such representations as he deems fit. Secondly, whenever a judicial or semi-judicial function is entrusted to a minister or his department, a decision on such matters by a tribunal with expressly specified duties is to be preferred to the hoary but unhallowed notion of a purely departmental decision. Thirdly, it is vital to maintain intact the concept that

Parliament should legislate in principle, and that the Government be restricted to legislation in detail. It is, of course, easy enough to invoke this convenient but facile formula, but far harder to withdraw when, as happens in practice, " detail " is interpreted as embracing " principle ".

Another reform concerns the technics of draftsmanship. On this theme, even the historic committee on Ministers' Powers—the famous Donoughmore Committee of 1932—offered few practical proposals other than an increase in the staff of the Parliamentary Counsel's Office, or, alternatively, " an all-service " team of draftsmen to be available to Parliament and to drafting departments. Here a relatively uniform system is the prime need. The customary technique is for a departmental adviser, with his minister's sanction, to place a draft before other departmental officials, then, perhaps, before a committee drawn from several departments, with someone to speak on behalf of the Attorney-General, and later before departmental heads. There is no reason to take it as axiomatic that the draft Order or draft Regulation will be referred to a parliamentary draftsman. During these discussions, the late Dr. Leslie Burgin once emphasized, the Regulation is never " brought up against its practical application, except to such extent as there may be wise administrators inside the department who foresee possible dangers." Sir Carleton Allen has asked in his classic *Law and Orders*: " Would it be impracticable so to strengthen the parliamentary draftsman's staff that all departmental orders went to that office for inspection in respect of phraseology and form?"

One imperative reform is to eliminate such manifestly improper departmental practices as the amendment of statutory rules through the introduction of provisional rules without parliamentary sanction and even without publication, the unauthorised arrogation of powers far beyond the prescribed powers, and the doubtful technique of presenting so-called model clauses in memorandum form, thereby avoiding the preparation of general provisions within the framework of a given Act of Parliament and thus deliberately by-passing parliamentary review. But a successful attack upon the more offensive implications of delegated legislation demands a modest revolution in House of Commons procedure. The House of Commons should be enabled, as Mr. (now Sir Rhys) Hopkin Morris unsuccessfully urged on December 18, 1945, during the debate on the Statutory Instruments Act, to amend draft statutory rules and regulations. Specific detailed amendment, not merely, as at present, acceptance as a whole, or rejection as a whole, must be the prescription in this context. Again, the cause of the liberty of the subject demands, likewise, that the House should employ a far freer and broader use of the " affirmative " or " positive " procedure for its resolutions, eschewing or, at least, discouraging the so-called " negative " procedure which too often furnishes a pretext for silent and indifferent acquiescence.

The Crichel Down case has now restored civil liberties to the political

map. Resuscitation is not too strong a word. Their restatement in an historic legislative form like that of Magna Carta, the Petition of Right, and the Bill of Rights, would be salutary and well-timed, and Viscount Samuel's Rights and Liberties of the Subject Bill would fulfil such a function supremely well. For it exemplifies the historic procedure of first stating current grievances—offences against liberty—in a remonstrance, and, secondly, of redressing them in a remedial Statute. This Bill, which has twice received a second reading in the House of Lords, addresses itself to most of the great libertarian questions of the hour—amendment of the Supplies and Services (Transitional Powers) Act, 1945, and the Supplies and Services (Extended Purposes) Act, 1947; the validity of statutory instruments; the power of a minister to amend or modify Acts; appeals; public local inquiries; authority for entry into buildings; suppression of publications; marketing schemes; the privileges of public authorities, when in the courts, in contrast with other litigants; political or religious tests as a condition of employment; the extension of the benefits of *habeas corpus* to the forces of other nations stationed in the United Kingdom.

More particularly, the Bill firmly grapples with the notorious " Henry VIII " clause, under which a minister might confirm an Order, and the confirmation would be conclusive evidence that the requirements of the Act had been complied with and that the Order had been duly made and was within the powers of the said Act. This formula—the raw material of an Enabling Act like that which sounded the death-knell of the Weimar Republic—had long before provoked a lively interchange between a Lord Chief Justice and an Attorney-General:

> The Lord Chief Justice: Is your argument, then, that any Order of the minister, however far it may depart from the Act, has effect as though enacted in the Act, if it purports to be made under the Act?
>
> The Attorney-General: That is so, my Lord. Of course, it does not sound very pretty in that form—(laughter)—and I would prefer to say that the court may not inquire whether it is made under the Act.
>
> The Lord Chief Justice: Do you say that if under the name of an improvement scheme under this Act the minister sanctioned anything whatever it would have statutory effect?
>
> The Attorney-General: I think that is so.
>
> Mr. Justice Talbot: Suppose Parliament had intended to say what the Attorney-General says they have said, how could they have expressed it better than they have done?
>
> The Lord Chief Justice: They might have said 'After the passing of the Act the minister may do what he likes.'
>
> Mr. Justice Swift: That is what they have said.

But Lord Samuel's Bill would have none of it. It rejects outright the notion that a minister can do something which is *ultra vires* or thoroughly illegal without right of redress to the aggrieved.

That Parliament—to put the point at its mildest—does not consistently perform its duty as the custodian of liberties is evidenced from the experience of Mr. Dingle Foot, when he moved (January 27, 1937)

That, in the opinion of this House, the power of the Executive has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." He was interrupted by a fellow-member who, towards the end of Mr. Foot's speech, called for a count. Fewer than 40 members were in the Chamber. Similarly, 13 years later, Lord Chancellor Jowitt sought to whittle away the subject-matter of the Liberties Bill in a speech which reminded Lord Samuel " of a story that was told of an incident towards the beginning of the French Revolution when one of the old aristocracy was challenged in the streets by a revolutionary sentinel who demanded his name. " Monsieur le Marquis de Saint Cyr ", he replied. " *Pas de ' Monsieur '* ," said the sentry. " Marquis de Saint Cyr ". " *Plus de ' Marquis '* ". " de Saint Cyr ". " *Pas de ' de '* ". " Saint Cyr ". " *Pas de ' Saint '* ". " Cyr ". " *Pas de ' Sire '* ".

Now, however, when the Marten case and the Willcock case have called a halt to the inter-war retreat from freedom, it would be singularly appropriate to accord the full force of law to the Right and Liberties of the Subject Bill, either in the first authorized, or the second authorized, or in a revised version employing the resources of the parliamentary draftsman with the benevolent approval of the Government and the two Oppositions. For it is the spiritual heir of the great constitutional documents which stem from Magna Carta and the coronation oaths of the Anglo-Saxon kings. " Liberty ", affirmed Lord Acton, " is not a means to a higher political end. It is itself the highest political end."

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CIVIL DEFENCE

By H. H. Dempsey

NOTWITHSTANDING all the recent official statements and proposals on civil defence, the general attitude of many who consider the matter at all remains quizzical, and among the public at large apathy remains undisturbed. It is certainly asking much of any voluntary organization that it should flourish in indifference. Nevertheless, having regard to the expenditure and the fact that it is now more than five years since civil defence was restarted, lack of success must be attributable, in some part at least, to faulty policy, organization and administration. Blame may be assigned also to muddled thinking in influential quarters as to the need for civil defence, the outstanding recent example being the view that it is useless because of the devastation that can now be caused by modern missiles.

Most ordinary people will agree with the authorities that, however destructive the H bomb and other horrors may be, we cannot accept a policy of passive idleness. It would be cowardly and inhuman to abandon without effort all possibility of succouring casualties and rescuing those trapped on the fringes of an area devastated by an aggressor—and also from within it. Furthermore, if we do not even try to keep going during an emergency and maintain our supplies of all kinds, including food and munitions, we stand defeated from the very start. To abandon civil defence preparation because of the modern missiles (which may never be used) means an absence of such defence also against attack by conventional high explosive.

The greater the power that can be brought against us and the less the likelihood of warning, the greater is the urgency to establish strong defensive measures well in advance. This seems so plain that there must surely be either lack of imaginative intelligence or some ulterior motive in those who advocate abandoning civil defence. Any argument to this end is ultimately an argument for the disbandment also of the navy, army and air force.

Accepting then the pressing need for civil defence, there is hardly any Government Department that is not concerned. Though other services are equally important, such as the hospital service under the Ministry of Health, the fire service, or the police, consideration is here confined to the Civil Defence Corps, which comes under the Home Office; and much that applies to the C.D. Corps can apply also, in vary-

ng degree, to other services.

The Civil Defence Act decentralizes responsibility for the C.D. Corps o local authorities, and the Government have in recent times reaffirmed belief in the soundness of this principle. Alternatives would undoubtedly e more expensive. It is surely imperative, however, that the C.D. Corps should not be a plaything of local politics, nor should it be within he power of local parties or individuals to hold up the organization, as as recently been done. Decentralization to local authorities is probably he best arrangement, but it seems to be a mistake for civil defence to be laced in the department of the " Clerk of the Council " of such authori- ies, and thus to be subordinate to the Clerk, who in turn is completely he servant of the locally elected Council. It would seem better for ivil defence to be a department in its own right similarly to, say, health. Only thus can it have a measure of protection against local political up- sets. This does not necessarily mean that there should be also a separate Ministry for Civil Defence.

The C.D. Corps consists of five " sections " or branches, which em- race altogether a dozen different main functions. The bringing together f all these functions to form one corps is considered by some to be some- what artificial, if not unsound. They hold, for example, that the functions of the welfare section (care of the homeless and rest centres, evacuation, emergency meals and so forth) could be better left to the Women's Voluntary Service under local authorities direct (a possibility mentioned in the Report of the Select Committee on Estimates published on December 22, 1953); that the work of the ambulance section could better come under the Ministry of Health's hospital service; and that it would be logical for the fire service to be responsible for rescue work instead of there being a rescue section in a C.D. Corps.

If we were to accept all the above proposals there would still, however, have to be some separate civil defence organization for the work of the existing headquarters section (control, communications and technical reconnaissance), and that of the wardens section. The wardens could perhaps go under the police, but this would be of no great advantage, and possibly some hindrance, to the police; while the wardens would become virtually special constables, which would quite alter the warden concept.

Thus, a C.D. Corps or service being necessary in any case, to com- bine in it all the civil defence functions reasonably possible gives the in- estimable advantage of a co-ordinated and simplified channel of respon- sibility and control. Though there is much to be said for detaching the welfare functions in particular, to do this would lead to disintegration generally. The existing organization seems therefore sound, but not even the most optimistic would say that the C.D. Corps is adequate or efficient.

Those who are close to the problem, such as civil defence officers, know well that the personnel position is much worse than appears in the pub-

lished figures of strengths, which themselves fall considerably short of requirements. The Home Office has deplored the fact that the published strengths include a high proportion of individuals who do little or no training. On one occasion the Home Secretary put this at 25 per cent. of the whole, while in the Report of the Select Committee on Estimates already mentioned, it is stated that " one witness went so far as to say that not more than 60 per cent. of the published monthly figures of members of the Civil Defence Corps were actually undergoing progressive training." Unfortunately, it would be all too easy to prove the statement of this lone witness by a strict scrutiny of the training progress cards of members. Furthermore, an over-high proportion of the existing total consists of the welfare section, which incorporates members from the W.V.S. In many districts the important rescue section or branch virtually does not exist.

One matter that specially needs more attention is that of local leadership. The " heads of sections " provided in the organization are often nebulous and distant, especially in rural areas. Some appointed controllers and heads never attend any training and hold themselves excused. Divisional and sub-divisional " heads " are away in the clouds; so also are the " heads " of civil defence districts when these consist of more than one urban or rural district, or other local authority. It is at, or associated with, the local town hall or district offices that the individual member of the C.D. Corps would expect to find his immediate " head " but often the local organization does not provide this. The Clerk of the Council (or his office, which may or may not include a C.D. officer, or assistant) is not a satisfactory substitute. The Clerk merely does what he is required to do by his Council or its civil defence committee, if there is one. Councils and committees are notoriously unable to give proper, personal leadership. Additional to the immediate " head " such appointments as senior wardens and party leaders of all kinds need more care and attention than they receive. And in all appointments, the persons concerned should be obliged to pull their weight instead of being merely names on a list, which is what they largely are.

Training attendances, in common with recruitment, are far from satisfactory. One must admit, however, that it is asking a lot to expect individuals, after perhaps a full day's work, to turn out of an evening to do civil defence training, with perhaps attendances at some week-ends as well. Incidentally the counter-attraction is not always the cinema or television, but often important personal affairs. The sacrifice may be no more than in other voluntary organizations such as the home guard (which has similar difficulties), but it is nevertheless a sacrifice. Those who make it deserve great credit and consideration, there being no remuneration whatsoever.

When members do turn out for training, should the quality of the instruction be poor—as it is frequently, though not usually—the volunteer

can be forgiven if he does not come again. And if he discovers that local officials concerned in civil defence, who are fit and eligible, are not themselves members of the C.D. Corps or do not attend training, he can hardly be blamed for cynicism and laxity. Many of the officials do stalwart work, but others fail to set an example, or even take interest. Indifference of this sort verges sometimes on hostility. As to the Corps member who is persistently absent from training without excuse, there is surely only one solution however regrettable: formal dismissal, such a member being clearly unreliable.

Frequently one hears that the training is boring. This can at times be discounted as the criticism of a member who is seeking a get-away, or of a fussy know-all, or an habitual grumbler. When it is true, as sometimes indeed it is, the reason is invariably a bad instructor. The Home Office training system and syllabuses are in general good; so also is the procedure for the training and selection of general, tactical and rescue instructors. The instructors are the king pins of the whole organization. They can so easily destroy, and in suitable conditions foster, local enthusiasm. It is vital that they should be really good. Unfortunately it sometimes happens that locally trained aspirants are allowed to qualify as instructors, especially for section training, when their ability to teach is doubtful. Tightening up here would be an advantage.

Concurrently, there might be some revision on remuneration for instructing so as to make it more worth while. A flat rate for each hour's instruction right through seems too simple an arrangement. The full fee for classes of under, say, five members can be—though not always is—too easily earned. On the other hand, a bonus seems well deserved by the instructor who takes a good-sized class through some lengthy stage in the training. Greater use might be made of this remuneration as an incentive to instructors, without materially increasing the cost to the public.

Section training is no less important than the basic instruction. Instructors for the former need therefore just as careful selecting as those for the latter, but do not receive this. No-one but the certificated instructor for the given subject should be allowed to do the instructing. The heads of sections, civil defence officers and assistants, and the leaders of all kinds should be urged, and in some cases obliged, to qualify as instructors. They should not take classes merely because of holding an appointment, for they can be—however admirable in other respects—terrible instructors.

Local authorities can sometimes be led astray on the subject of training by self-appointed experts—perhaps by the locally elected political councillors themselves. It should surely be inadmissible for the Home Office system and syllabuses to be departed from, though these should allow as much latitude in detail as possible. It is plainly important that the training should be the same throughout the country. Yet, with a

mistaken idea of "improvement", there have been major local departures.

Should an attack ever come, the chaotic conditions in which the C.D. Corps will have to work make it essential that its members shall be towers of strength for the succour of humanity in the mass, and conservation generally. There must surely then be some official minimum standard for eligibility to join this corps. In fact there is none beyond minimum age limits and the disqualification of those already committed elsewhere, such as army reservists. So long as the volunteer signs the enrolment form which includes a statement (often not read) that he considers himself fit for the work, he is accepted with open arms regardless of old age, medical condition, or ability to understand and apply the training. This seems wrong. Theoretically, the local authority should reject an applicant who is unfitted, but this is seldom done. The success or failure of local authorities, and of civil defence officers, has to such an extent been judged by their total strengths that the urge has been to obtain enrolments at almost any cost, and to refuse or defer resignations by all possible means. This is not to say, however, that the majority who join, and continue membership in, the C.D. Corps do not do so from the highest motives and sense of public duty.

Furthermore, the training position is worse than is apparent. If we deduct the Home Secretary's figure of 25 per cent. for absentees (perhaps a more realistic figure than the more formal 19.5 per cent. for England and Wales, and 14.9 per cent. for Scotland, given in the Second Report of the Mabane Committee published in April 1954), it is not to be assumed that the remaining 75 per cent. attend all, or even most, of the training that they should. Sometimes, conversely, classes on requisite subjects may not be locally available for months at a time to individuals who are keen to get on. All the 75 per cent. are thus not right up to date in their training so far as it has gone, nor anything like it. Then there are no tests for gauging the ability of individuals. Mere presence at sessions constitutes satisfactory completion of the training attended, which is of course absurd. If official appraisal were transferred from "total strength" to "total efficient" a very different picture would emerge, always assuming a strict and detailed definition of efficiency, and its proper application.

The mobile columns of the C.D. Corps do not exist yet (except for an experimental skeleton) and are a thing apart, outside the normal sphere of local authority, their functions being mainly rescue work. When established, they will be comparable to full time, self-contained military units, being fully mobile and equipped to proceed quickly to, and work at, any devastated area in the country. Though expensive, these centrally controlled columns are an essential, and indeed, vital, part of the whole civil defence organization.

Since devastating destruction can be visited upon us without much

warning, it is obvious that we must have a maximum permanent organization to defend ourselves. In addition to the humanitarian and vital civil aspects, a civil defence organization is an inescapable corollary to the very existence of the navy, army and air forces so as to minimize disruption of their supply in an emergency; and it is essential for morale, civil and military alike.

Voluntary recruitment for the C.D. Corps has brought forward many thousands of public-spirited and responsible men and women, who seriously do their training. From them we can select the leaders and a hard core of reliable and efficient workers. All those who are permanently ineffective should, however, be discarded.

The invincible apathy of the public in general (which will change only when trouble is clearly observed to be imminent) prevents the recruitment of the required numbers. A tightening up of conditions, as here proposed, would further reduce membership. Let us accept these facts, and abandon to some extent the effort to obtain quantity and concentrate instead on quality. Assuming the adequacy of essential equipment, the quality of any organization is the quality of its personnel. Since we cannot at present get the lot, let us at least build up the leaders and a sound hard core. This will be something worth having.

In addition, a continuous educative assault might usefully be made upon the public by means of carefully thought out advertisement, lectures and demonstrations to all and sundry who care to come, the lecturers and demonstrators being always highly proficient and carefully chosen persons. This, not a recruiting campaign for civil defence, should aim solely and genuinely at training the public at large. No-one would attend if it were thought that such lectures and demonstrations were part of a recruiting drive. The higher the level of public knowledge (as well as the greater the efficiency of the specialized organizations), the less will be the effect of any attack upon this country. Knowledge will greatly help to dissipate that indifference which continues to hamper all effort.

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EDUCATIONAL DISCONTENTS

By R. N. Armfelt

THE Consultative Committee to the former Board of Education reported concisely, in 1938, that " Secondary or Higher schools in England and Wales . . . were at the time of their origin, and even down to a comparatively recent date, to a considerable extent institutions for the education of children, chiefly boys, either belonging to the more prosperous classes or selected for their ability." Later they observed that following the Education Act, 1902, " the Board took the existing Public Schools and Grammar Schools as their general cadre or archetype for Secondary Schools of all kinds." If the grammar schools showed some tendency to select on grounds of ability to pay, the public schools did so still more. Once the preserve of the governing classes, they had brought to them the traditions of an earlier society when the sons of the great families learnt chivalry in the households of the nobles. If later, Thomas Arnold turned public schools into the training grounds of the great Victorian middle class, it was still an upper middle class and was trained to exercise a birthright to lead and to govern. Robert Morant, the chief architect of the 1902 Act, and as Permanent Secretary to the Board of Education its principal interpreter, was the product and exponent of this tradition. To describe the tradition in this way is not to decry it; it is to suggest, merely, that it must have had consequences which cannot be ignored.

Now what of the other great tradition—that of popular education? Elementary schools were founded " to promote the education of children belonging to the classes who support themselves by manual labour." To put the matter beyond all doubt, the definition was later extended so as not " to exclude children from the grant whose parents, though not supporting themselves by manual labour, yet are of the same means and social level as those who do so." Elementary schools, in other words, were cheap schools for the masses.

The distinction that has been drawn may be felt to have little more than historic interest. It is argued, however, that it has present relevance, for the reason that it may help to explain present discontents. For many years there had been two educational traditions appropriate to two social categories; in future, children were to be taught according to their ages, abilities and aptitudes." It will be said that the case was not really as simple as this. The social differences had long since been

narrowing. That is true, but were they not in the first place as wide as they well could be? It was less than a hundred years ago that an official view was put " that the lower classes ought to be educated to discharge the duties cast upon them " and " that the highest classes ought to be educated in a very different manner, in order that they may exhibit to the lower classes that higher education to which, if it were shown to them, they would bow and defer." Class was a deciding factor.

To-day, the grammar school master may say that class has nothing to do with his troubles. It probably has not—directly. That is to say, he would not wish to apply a social test for admissions to grammar schools. It is the indirect consequences that matter. For instance, before 1902 grammar schools existed in their own right. There had been growing up a system of elementary schools, but grammar schools might be here and there, conveniently or inconveniently, as history had placed them. They enjoyed a gentlemanly independence. After 1902, local education authorities began to " fill gaps " as school boards had been concerned to fill gaps between elementary schools in the previous century. The grammar school still regarded itself in a traditional light, but the local authority began to think of it as a unit in a system of grammar schools serving an area. Moreover, its service must be efficient; it must accept, therefore, some guidance and regulation. Thus began a tendency which culminated in the sentiment unhappily expressed in the phrase " parity of esteem ". Secondary modern schools had grown out of the system; grammar schools were being invited somewhat peremptorily into it. With the system came education officers, and as their number grew, some showed more zeal than understanding. No wonder the grammar schools felt put about.

Another symptom of the same basic trouble has been the painful emergence of teacher-training for graduates. Training for non-graduates was unobjectionable. The products of such training were to go into elementary schools; they needed it and accepted it. But the case of the grammar school was different. Was it not the fact that grammar school teachers had never been trained, but in spite of the lack had often been remarkable for the quality of their teaching? The contention could not be gainsaid. However, the history of training showed that there were some lessons about teaching and education which could be profitably studied even by graduates. Thus the grammar school master, the descendant of the amateur, the inheritor of a select tradition, found himself in the toils of a new professionalism. The needs of the few were being subordinated to those of the many—or so it seemed to him. Nor was he alone in his fears. The time came when the training colleges, the chief providers of teachers for elementary schools, and the university departments of education, which trained graduates for grammar schools, were brought into a new intimacy by the setting up of institutes of education. Here again, one system, born of mass needs, seemed—whatever

the real intention—to press marriage claims on another which was proud of its more exclusive relations. Happily, the partners have learned to live in harmony together, but there can be no doubt that the danger of disharmony was there, following naturally from the discordant claims of contrary traditions.

The pressure to narrow the gaps between grammar and elementary reached its ultimate expression in the salary scales adopted soon after the war. If, in future, there was to be one system of education instead of two, then there must be one teaching profession. There must, consequently, it was argued, be one basic scale of pay. It is notable, however, that we have since wondered whether this consequence should necessarily follow. There is, after all, rather less mention to-day of the term " parity of esteem ". Is this, one may ask, a denial of the historical trend? Are we now trying to put evolution into reverse? Some would say that it is quite reasonable to embrace differences within the unity for which we have been striving. This may be a matter for argument and discussion. What, however, is not arguable is that history can be erased by an Act of Parliament. Social differences existed and informed separate educational traditions. The differences may be narrowed, but it would be a pretence to suppose that they have altogether disappeared. So long as they remain, the equalizing of opportunities cannot be pursued except at the cost of strain. Education can bear some strain—and should—but not too much. We must, therefore, be a little patient and make an ally of time.

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CONTEMPORARY OPINIONS—XVIII

WALTER BAGEHOT ON SENIOR'S JOURNALS

(In this series of previously published FORTNIGHTLY *articles these have been chosen for a number of reasons: either they review a now famous book, or their reviewer afterwards became famous, or he was already a famous figure speaking his mind about another equally famous, or about one who was later to be so. A further claim to inclusion is made for the treatment of a subject—then of pressing topical interest—which could be applied to, or point the moral of, or throw light on a problem of to-day. Although it is expected that their lessons will be instructive, this is incidental to the object of compiling a diverting anthology even when the writers are at their most serious.)*

In these days of the ubiquitous publicist-interviewer, we thought it would be both salutary and amusing to recall what Bagehot thought of "the species". For 17 years the editor of *The Economist,* he himself undoubtedly sacrificed fame in politics and a fortune in the City to his abiding interest in literature. Yet as a scientific observer his influence was such that, in the words of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica,* " the English constitution and the money market have been better understood generally because he wrote and talked and diffused his ideas in every possible way." His subject now, Nassau William Senior, was the first to fill the newly-founded Drummond Chair of Political Economy in the University of Oxford and, in addition to his *Biographical Sketches,* his *Historical and Philosophical Essays* and the *Journals,* many of his lectures on economic theory were gathered into book form.

* * * *

MR. GLADSTONE—at least every one alleges it to be Mr. Gladstone—said in the *Edinburgh Review,* that unhappily we scarcely possessed in England the kind of writer who abroad is called a publicist. Indeed it is not very easy to give an Englishman only familiar with English discussions and English ways of thought, an exact idea of the word. But probably the late Mr. Senior, in the last years of his life, came very near to it. He lived among politicians; he spent the main stress of his speculative mind upon politics; he wrote largely upon them. But he had none of the ties to them usual in England. He was neither a practical politician, engaged in real affairs, nor the editor of a political periodical, nor even a stirring writer addressing a large audience. He devoted much of his time to temporary politics, but he always dealt with them in an abstract and philosophical manner. He always endeavoured to deal with the permanent aspects of them, he addressed only thoughtful men, he was a " didactic member " of the

republic of letters; and this we suppose is the idea of a publicist.

Many persons may regret it as Mr. Gladstone did, but the fact certainly is that we have very few such writers in this country, and that the tendency of present times is rather to diminish than to increase their number. There is something artificial about the species. That a man of ability should spend a great part of his mind on political affairs, but that he neither have a practical share in them nor an effective say to a large audience, is not natural. Such a type can exist only in periods of transition, as in despotic countries where the government though absolute will allow discussions, perhaps is moved by discussion, where there are many cultivated men who wish to read good and long reasonings on political subjects, but where there is yet no people, no vast numerous class, who wish to read and who will only read short sharp arguments on present issues. As soon as "leading articles" come in, publicists and pamphlets die out. Those who could best write pamphlets are drawn off to the more lucrative trade of writing "leaders". And readers, especially the most important readers whose time is valuable, have so many leaders to read, and are so sickened of the subject, that they will not read a word beside. Mr. Disraeli once compared the great quarterly reviewers, whose political articles are pamphlets in disguise, to the old mail coaches, which were capital things in their way, but when they tried to start in the present day found that all the travellers had gone on by the train. A quicker mode of travelling has come in, a hastier mode of reading, and a scrappier mode of writing. Fifty years ago, when Mr. Senior began to write, all this had not happened. The English Government were then predominantly ruled by aristocratic politicians, some of whom were reading men, more of whom respected reading though they did not practise it, and beneath whom there was a still larger body of educated men who cared for political discussion, who already possessed some public power, and who were eagerly desirous of more. At that time the grave political essayist could speak to the few, without being shouted down by the many.

That political writing has in consequence declined in this country is certain, at least it has been *minced*. No practical subject can be discussed thoroughly at sufficient length, and with all the arguments set in one view. No observant person could write such things on a pressing practical point, and think they would have any influence on events. On the politics of the hour the great penny papers of the North have infinitely more effect than all the reviews in London. These rule the constituencies, and on great pressing issues rule Parliament too. In time to come they will prevent the existence of publicists, or at least take care that they shall be few, and those few not powerful.

At first it might seem that the change was bad, but I am not sure that it is so. On the contrary, it has one good effect. It prevents the highest class of philosophical minds from worrying themselves with momentary

affairs. This is not their characteristic function. They have by nature in a rare degree that in which most men are most deficient—the faculty of abstraction. It is given them steadily to see not only a particular instance, or a few instances, but that which all such instances have in common. They can keep their attention fixed on this common element, and so fashion a doctrine common to all like cases. But when they have made their doctrine, their work is done: when that doctrine comes to be applied in real life a different class of faculties are wanted, and a most opposite set of powers become necessary. A philosopher having a particularly fine vision of the common elements in all cases is apt to be particularly blind to the uncommon qualities of individual instances. As objectors say, he is doctrinaire—that is, his doctrine telling him that " C will happen because A and B are present, if A and B are unresisted "—he is apt to be very fond of his theory, and some time or other to overlook some unknown and uncatalogued resisting agency, and which modifies or overpowers A and B, and changes C altogether. We need for practice a more pliable class of mind, which though not able perhaps to invent a good abstract doctrine, is able to use it when made; and is able, too, to see the resisting agencies or modifying media, which the originator of the theory neither could nor would. The best applier is seldom the real discoverer, and still more seldom is the man who discovers the best man, or at all a good man to persuade others to use his discoveries. The difference between the patentee of an invention, and the capitalist who uses it, is not greater than that between the discoverer of an abstract political doctrine, and the practical politicians, active or rhetorical, who use it.

Mr. Mill is, of course, the standing instance of a philosopher spoiled by sending him into Parliament and the world. But in a very different way I think Mr. Senior, our last " publicist ", was in some sense a spoiled philosopher. And I hope none of his friends will be offended at my saying so, for I intend it in no bad sense. What I mean is, that he scattered and wasted in a semi-abstract discussion of practical topics, powers which were fit to have produced a lasting and considerable work of philosophy. And I cannot think the practical discussion, as a discussion, very good. Take, for instance, the essay on Ireland, which is republished as a preface to his *Irish Conversations*. It is certainly very dull, and dull in the most teasing way, for you feel that the subject is most interesting, and that the writer is a man of ability, but there is no corresponding result. Your mind is not engrossed as it ought to be, or instructed as it ought to be. In truth, the essay is too abstract for a work on a living subject like Ireland. You always feel you are reading about an economical island in the air; you are always pausing to think whether something that is not said may not affect and overthrow that which is said. You are never presented, as a writer on real politics should present you, with a living image which impresses itself rightly or wrongly on your

imagination as a picture of the subject, and interests and persuades you even more by what it suggests to your imagination than by the bare words on the paper . . .

One reason why Mr. Senior's name is sooner passing away than it ought is that he was best known as a political economist, and that it must be owned that of late years abstract political economy—and it was with the abstract part that Mr. Senior dealt—has fallen somehow in pubic confidence and that people's mind are a little in doubt about it. One principal cause of this is the set—the most mischievous set in my judgment—which is being made against abstract reasoning in general. This is due to the rise of an immense class of readers who find, as everybody ought to find, abstractions difficult, and who being incessantly told that they are the great reading public, and the judge of everything, instantly begin to judge that what is unpleasant to them cannot be very valuable. The great rise of " Physics " ought, of course, to have prevented this. Our railways were made, so to say, out of abstract geometry, abstract algebra, abstract mechanics. Even in the kinds of science now most talked of those who can pass a good examination in Darwin's *Origin of Species* must have had some practice in gaining a familiarity with abstract knowledge. But, in fact, " Physics " have had a contrary effect. The thousands of popular students only know the results at second-hand; they have no conception of the processes by which they were discovered. . . . Diffusion of popular knowledge necessarily brings with it a dislike and mistrust of that abstract reasoning which never can be popular, and which people are only too glad to think unnecessary. And, besides this, political economy has fallen into some difficulty from causes peculiar to itself, and heresies, or what Mr. Senior and other economists of the old school would have thought to be especially such, are daily propounded. I was myself examined by him years ago, in the time of the strict school, at the London University, and I am sure he would have plucked various present examiners and professors. It could have been revealed to him that persons of authority would dare to teach that profit had no tendency to become equal in different trades,—that the Ricardo theory of rent was a blunder and a misconception,—that it was unnecessary for bankers to keep a stock of gold or silver to meet their liabilities, but that they should buy the gold in the market when they wanted it, I think Mr. Senior would have been aghast. Yet such is the present state of the science, and naturally the rise of the heresiarchs has diminished the dignity of the orthodox heads . . .

Possibly Mr. Senior, who was a shrewd observer of the world, had no confidence in the endurance of his philosophical fame; at all events, he took singular and sedulous pains to provide himself with a substitute in case of a failure. There has been, as we all know, a great deal of discussion, modern and ancient, about posthumous fame, and some species of it have been catalogued. The " immortality of quotation " is one of

these. There are many writers really known by some few sentences or some half-dozen stanzas, which every one knows, but all the rest of their works are dead, and no one knows anything about them. And it has been argued whether this kind of immortality of "extract" is or is not desirable or worth having. I believe the better opinion to be that it is worth having; always assuming that any posthumous fame is so. After all, your best words—your most characteristic words—are quoted continually, and have the chance of making a good impression of you year after year if anything of yours can make a good impression. But Mr. Senior has invented, or almost invented, a new and different sort of immortality. He aspired to immortality as a *referee*. He went about Europe, indeed, beyond Europe, for he visited Egypt, talking carefully to the best known, the best informed, and most influential people on the affairs of each country, and on general intellectual affairs, and he wrote down the answers. There was no breach of confidence in this, for he told everybody—at least, everybody of importance—what he was doing; and if they liked, and if there were opportunity, he submitted that part of his journal which concerned them to their revision. His idea, of course, was that by preserving valuable thoughts, setting down on the instant fresh and characteristic remarks, he should earn permanent repute for himself. And if that sort of repute be desirable he will earn it. He will appear at the bottom of pages in many books for many years, as, "See Senior's *Journals*, vol. ii. p. 293." And occasionally, according to the convenience of writers, his name will creep into the text, "according to a good observation reported by Mr. Senior," X Y was true; or, "if we may rely on an assertion made to Mr. Senior, A B was not true." And this will be the reward for years of endless pains and labour . . .

A certain peculiar power of asking questions is necessary in this mode. M. Léon Faucher was Prime Minister of France, and Mr. Senior steps up to him with—"Now that I have you for ten minutes, will you tell me what is your plan for a campaign?"—that is, for the policy of his government. No doubt it is a weakness, but there are many men thick-skinned enough in most ways, who could not ask such a question for any money or any fame. And the notoriety that Mr. Senior, as a professed journalist, might ask such questions, led people to be prepared to answer them. As years went on, it used to be said that the value of his journal was impaired, because persons of eminence prepared for their interviews, and corrected (as he was kind enought to let them) their sayings into what they would wish to have said rather than that which they did really say. The conversations thus became minor manifestoes, not unguarded utterances, and so lost their greatest interest.

And independently of having to ask as a habit questions too direct to be pleasant, most people would rather go to the galleys than be bound to put down at the end of a party what was said in the course of it. The pang of the coming task would poison most men's social pleasure. And

Mr. Senior often looked as if it spoiled his pleasure. His face had a care down it, as if he was keeping up the recollection of what *had* been said, rather than enjoying what was *being* said. And, at times, not quite gratifying to the speaker, the interest for what you were saying seemed to cease on a sudden (as does that of a reporter when he puts down his pen), as if he thought what was being said was no way remarkable, and that he would rest himself by not attending to it. To gain an immortality of referential citation, Mr. Senior certainly sacrificed much social enjoyment and some social popularity.

It should be seen, however, that most people could not gain that immortality by any sacrifice. First of all you must be something or somebody before the first people in foreign countries will speak to you freely, or indeed at all. Mr. Senior went abroad as a celebrated English economist, and with strenuous introductions from the most powerful and best people in England whom he had the gift of knowing. And what is more, he had the rarer gift of being able to use those introductions well. There was nothing in his daily pursuits to give him that knowledge; on the contrary, by profession he was an equity barrister, and he has himself described how difficult, how almost impossible it is, to get any foreigner to comprehend what "equity" in England means; and with much exaggeration, yet not without some truth, Political Economy, as Mr. Senior understood it, has been called an "insular science" of which the authors were Englishmen, which assumed in the beings so treated of conditions and qualities hardly to be met out of England. But Mr. Senior was an "International Man", well able, as many volumes of "conversations" prove, to enter into the thoughts and report the words, not only of one sort of foreigners, but of various sorts. And the number of Masters in Chancery of whom this can be said is very small indeed.

Certainly, however, as was perhaps inevitable, the conversations are reported a little drily, and scarcely at all dramatically. Everybody speaks the same language—a French lady, a Pyrenean peasant, an Italian statesman, all use the same grave and cultivated words; all shape their sentences in the same clear, but rather formal, fashion. Nor is there much play of dialogue. In the best cases Mr. Senior's object was to get at the thoughts of some one eminent man, and that he has given us, but he left inferior speakers to shift for themselves. And in all cases the thoughts appear in their driest—we might say in their most algebraic form; it might be all about A, B, C, S, and E, F for any life there is. Mr. Senior gives us what a man said, but not how he said it; he does not make us know them better for having said it; and this because he either did not notice, or disdained to set down, the little traits and intricacies which distinguish one man's conversation from another. He rarely tells us whether a great statesman is tall or short; never mentions what sort of a coat any one wore; he shows no man "in his habit

as he was."

. . . At this instant almost every one will turn to the French journals, but this extract from the Roman journal of 1851 is worth reading:

> Dr. T. came to take leave of us. He is going to England, and describes the formalities which attend the grant of a passport to a Roman. First, he must have the consent of his wife; secondly, of the curate of his parish; and, thirdly, a certificate from two persons in the confidence of the Government that he behaved well during the Revolution. "But," I said, "if the wife or the curate refuse to consent, what is the remedy?" "In respect of the curate," he said, "there is none. He is the sole judge of what is favourable or unfavourable to the spiritual health of his parishioners: and if he thinks that foreign travel is likely to disagree with your soul, you must stay at home. As to your wife you may summon her before the tribunal to give her reasons, and if the Court thinks them insufficient, you are allowed to go; but there is no saying how long the suit may last."

The conversations of Mr. Senior on France in 1848, 1850, and 1851, in several parts, are very curious . . . First, and this is the greatest point of all, no one of Mr. Senior's interlocutors seems to have had the secret gift of correct anticipation. In May, 1848, Michel Chevalier predicted the days of June of the same year; but this, though a very sensible remark, was no miraculous prophecy. It was certain to everybody that the struggle between the *rouge* party and the party of order had yet been fought out, and that it must be fought out, and few close judges probably could doubt that at last the party or order would win; at last they always *have* won. But this is almost the only instance in these volumes of tolerable prediction. One instance of bad prophecy is very curious. Naturally very many if not most of Mr. Senior's friends were, if not professed economists, at least men of an economical and financial turn. After the *coup d'état* of the late Emperor, the question continually is not so much what is coming to the French nation, as what will happen to French trade—the French exchequer. And it is very remarkable that though these experienced and close observers might and did in some degree differ as to the intensity of the economical disaster which was impending in 1851, every one expected economical disaster more or less severe. The following, from an unknown converser V., is a fair specimen:

> "What do you mean", I asked, "by ruin? How can such a country as France be ruined?" He answered, "I mean progressive decline. I mean deterioration of agriculture, of manufacturers, and of commerce. I mean capital exported, railroads unfinished, rents unpaid, increasing pauperism, a growing deficit; in short the continuance of our present state of insecurity, and therefore of semi-paralysis."

But neither V. nor any other "authority" dreamed that the next 20 years would be years of incomparably the greatest economical prosperity which France had ever seen; that the railway system would be developed with a rapidity far greater than in the time of Louis Philippe; that commerce would grow with unknown celerity; that agriculture would thrive; that the deficit in the finances would be caused not by the deficiency of the revenue, for that augmented faster than ever, but by the prodigality of the Government; and that this prodigality, exposing it, would in no

way exhaust France, but leave her able at her need to raise suddenly an immense sum of ready money far greater than she ever raised before, than former Governments would have dreamed of demanding, or than in 1851 would have been thought possible. At this moment, when so many predictions are in the air as to *future* France, it is useful to see how wrong the most sure predictions, and those of the best authorities, have been as to *past* France.

And in addition to this general difficulty of prediction, there are also the clearest warnings in these volumes, how difficult the French then found it (and now find it, for the circumstances are not really altered) to establish what to a common Englishman seems the most obvious form of government in their case: parliamentary government and constitutional royalty. " France ", says one of Mr. Senior's interlocutors—an Imperialist, it is fair to say—

> is unfit for Parliamentary government. It wants two things, both elements of that form of government. One is moderation. Every French party, if it gets the upper hand, pushes its victory to the utmost, alters the policy and displaces the administration of its predecessors, and carries out its own views to the utmost extreme, until it disgusts the country, and the Opposition comes in, and acts with equal intemperance. Another deficiency is an aristocracy. We have indeed an aristocracy of birth and an aristocracy of wealth; but the former is poor, ignorant, and presumptuous, the latter ignoble and servile . . .

And a much higher authority, Gustave de Beaumont, the friend and the biographer of Tocqueville, spoke still more clearly and still more strongly on the incompatibility to France of our English constitutional king.

> " I objected," [said Mr. Senior] " to his calling the government of Louis-Philippe constitutional, since Louis-Philippe was his own prime minister—a most unconstitutional proceeding, according to our notions."
>
> " Yes ", he said, " according to your notions, but not according to ours. We have not yet adopted the true faith, the faith of the *cochon à l'engrais*. To preserve our respect our sovereign must act. And this, perhaps, makes us incapable at present of your constitutional government. If our sovereign, whether you call him president or king, merely takes the members whom the Assembly points out to him, keeps them so long as they can keep their majority, follows their advice implicitly, and dismisses them as soon as they lose their majority, he becomes King Log, and we despise him. If he acts he must sometimes make mistakes, and still oftener be thought to do so. He will sometimes offend the good sense of the nation, and oftener its susceptibilities, and we shall hate him. This is the objection to a president for life; he would inevitably in time become hated or despised, or both, and then we should go into the streets and depose him . . .

Enough has been quoted to show the amount of curious information in these volumes . . . In Mr. Senior's journals, there are interlocutors of every sort, and any one who seeks a text on any side or anything for France or Italy may find it here. This will contribute much to their " immortality of reference " but it will also make a wise critic suspicious of their authority. He will want to see not only what was said, but who said it, lest the words may be those of some nameless fool or grave charlatan, instead of those of Faucher or Tocqueville.

August, 1871

THE MODERNIST MOVEMENT IN LITERATURE

By J. B. Coates

STEPHEN SPENDER'S *Creative Element** is a valuable historical sketch of the modernist movement in literature. He is in many respects uniquely qualified as an interpreter of modernism. In the first place, he himself has always felt personally committed to its spirit and methods; his literary heroes have been and continue to be the great experimenters in writing in the first decades of this century. Secondly, Stephen Spender is rather a receptive than a dominant personality; he has tended at every stage of his career to fall under the spell of one or more of the major literary figures of the period; thus his temperament is sympathetic and appreciative. Perhaps no one has been more imbued than he has with the spirit of the movement in which indeed he has played by no means a minor rôle. Thirdly, he has fully shared those impulses of critical self-awareness which have characterized the movement in certain of its phases. Thus if he shows an ample appreciation of the achievements of modernism, he is no less conscious of its limitations.

Stephen Spender traces the development of modernism through three stages. The first was one in which the outstanding figures isolated their values from the context of society, seeking to communicate their personal vision without feeling any allegiance to society. There was a widespread conviction that the destructive element in life was that of society itself, that it was only the writer who could escape from the contagion of the fundamentally corrupt values of society who could hope to create anything of significance. Christian and *bourgeois* values had failed miserably, Christianity itself having undergone a process of bourgeoisification, the most avowedly Christian elements in society being those most devoted to a merely formal morality and to material comfort and security. The writers of the greatest achievement in this phase believed that modern society was a "waste land", but that little or nothing could be done about it, and there was little hope that a cataclysm could be avoided. Thus the creative writer concerned to preserve his integrity felt that he had no alternative but to discover an essentially personal vision and as far as he could communicate it, though he had little hope of reaching more than a select few.

Rilke and Rimbaud were outstanding figures in the early phase of

* 1953. Hamish Hamilton.

modernism. Rilke was by no means indifferent to what was happening in the world, but he believed that whoever made himself bigger, freer and more human in his own personal existence was doing what was most valuable at the time; the new spirit needed could only be found by a movement in an inward direction; not until a few persons had it all big and ready within them could it let itself be brought into the world. His poetry was concerned with what he called " the new fruitful individual consciousness." His method was in large part to seek for objects outside himself which seemed to him to possess some " significant existence ", works of art, jugs, towers, trees, unrequited lovers, heroes, to take them into himself and transform them so as to create a new kind of wholeness and harmony through his poetic realization of them, so building a world which expressed the quintessence of aesthetic value. The angels of his Divine Elegies are symbols, figures in which outward reality has been fused with inner significance. The heroes and unrequited lovers who play so conspicuous a part in the Elegies appeal to Rilke because they make some approach in the nobility of their experiences to the perfection of the angels. The angels can be regarded as the projections of human values, and Rilke certainly had in mind the eventual transformation of the world through the values so expressed, even if his vision was so individual that comparatively few persons have been able to share it with him.

Rimbaud's work went through two main stages. In the first he felt himself cut off from society but learned to find satisfaction in his isolated sensibility and solitary visions, devoting himself to exploring all the possibilities of a consciousness separated from the body of contemporary experience. In the second stage, he no longer felt a world of fantastic imaginings, of pure poetry, to be satisfactory. He sought to create a new system of belief for man, to provide what the Churches could no longer give, to invent " a private religious philosophy." What Rilke and Rimbaud both failed to do was to offer a faith to which the main body of men could attach any significant meaning.

The development of W. B. Yeats was closely analogous to that of Rilke and Rimbaud. Yeats, Stephen Spender remarks, " accepts, even with gaiety, the destruction of contemporary civilization." " All things fall and are built again." Like Rimbaud, he seeks to create a religion to express his personal aesthetic vision, inventing a mythology, an elaborate machinery of supernatural beings, drawn, in large part, from the teachings of occultists and illuminists. If Rilke, Rimbaud and Yeats show little will or capacity to communicate with their age, in the case of Mallarmé and the symbolists and James Joyce communication has almost entirely broken down. The poetry of the symbolists can only be understood, if at all, by the few devotees capable of entering, or believing themselves capable of entering, their closed-in intellectual spheres. Joyce finished by creating a language of his own which is completely

paque to the general reader so that it would require the study of a life-ime to understand *Finnegan's Wake*. Much of the work of Virginia Woolf is prose written for the sake of the poetic imagination in which the rtist, enveloped in her private universe, seems little concerned with stablishing communication.

If such writers as these seemed content to be passive spectators of a vorld they believed to be collapsing in ruin, another literary group of the ame period, mainly novelists, such men as Ernest Hemingway, the early Aldous Huxley and Evelyn Waugh, showed a brittle determination not o take life seriously, combined with a resolute indifference to social and olitical issues. Their subject was the Bright Young Things of the 920's, who led deliberately unserious lives, drinking, making love, ravelling, yet looking into their cups from time to time to find a broken eart or some other symptom of their belonging to a tragic generation. But in general their pride was to treat love and life lightly, to maintain certain gaiety in a world which they believed contained nothing of alue, no worth-while faith to offer them.

Though Stephen Spender lived through this phase of modernism and o some extent was imbued with its spirit, he recognizes that there was omething basically unsatisfactory about it. If it is the task of the reative artist to discover true, satisfying values, it is also his task to ranslate them into the language of the modern city so that they have ome chance of transforming the world. The chief writers of this time chieved little success in this second aim. Rilke's angels, Mr. Spender emarks, are unsatisfactory spiritual machines intended to cope with naterial machines. Rilke, Rimbaud, Joyce, Mallarmé and many others reated a crisis of communication which they lacked either the will or he ability to solve. If the writer is to regard his task as to re-experience verything as though it had never been experienced before, and to ex-press it, not in terms with which we are familiar but in new ones which re the creation of his peculiar sensibility, a tremendous burden is placed n both writer and reader. Joyce makes new words from their deriva-ions in a dozen different languages, working on the principle of select-ng whatever happens to please his fancy. It can hardly be doubted that ncreasingly few people will undertake the endless toil of unravelling his neaning. The systems invented by such men as Rimbaud and Yeats end increasingly to appear merely fantastic. Orwell speaks of the ocus-pocus of Yeats's mythology and that will almost inevitably be the general verdict.

Jean-Paul Sartre, referring to the failure of communication in modern rt and literature, says that the incommunicable is the source of all vio-ence, and it may well be the case that violence flourishes most when the main body of creative thinkers fail to speak to the main body of their fellow men. Spender himself recognizes that individualism in literature reached a dead end, that the individualist position has been in fact des-

troyed so that in future literature must be based on a more generally shared thought and language.

The first phase of modernism was one in which the main body of writers felt no obligation to serve any public cause, when the novel, if it was not frivolous satire, was concerned with personal relations as in E. M. Forster or private sensibility as in Virginia Woolf, when poets and artists were devoted to pure form or technical experimentation. In the early 1930's there was a reaction against T. S. Eliot and his *Waste Land*, with its declaration of the bankruptcy of civilization, as also against the frivolity and cynicism of the period. The more significant writers developed a social conscience. Mr. Eliot's work had said or implied that there was no need to take sides in contemporary political disputes because nothing could in any case be saved, at all events by political means. Now a considerable number of writers and artists became converts to Marxism. W. H. Auden, Stephen Spender and others wrote political poems or polemical works inspired by Communism. A literature of social hope arose; the belief spread that it might after all be possible to create the Good City in our time and that it was part at all events of the task of literature and art to forward this aim. *The God that failed* is a record of disillusionment that soon befell this new-found idealism. If the individualist vision had collapsed, the Socialist vision fell even more quickly and catastrophically. Mr. Spender refers to the remarkable naïvete of his own acceptance of Marxism and that of many others. It is noteworthy that the ablest of the Marxist converts, W. H. Auden, if he wrote the finest political poem of the period, " Spain ", was also the first to escape from the new spell. Stephen Spender does not believe that a refuge from the errors of individualism is to be found through a misalliance between poetry and political thought. Wherever, as in Russia, there has been a close fusion of artistic and political aims, the result has been the virtual destruction of true artistic creativeness.

Brief as was the period of Marxist ascendancy, it had a profound effect on the main body of literature. In general there was no return to the phase of cynicism and individualist vision. The dominant trend in the third phase has been a return to orthodoxy in some form or other. Many writers have been converted to Catholicism or some other form of Christian belief; another group, of which W. H. Auden, Aldous Huxley and Christopher Isherwood are representative, have turned towards a mystical faith. The belief that has become most influential has been that the writer can only recover contact with his public in so far as he himself shares the orthodoxy of his time.

In so far as any marked tendency is apparent in literature in our time, it is still the return to orthodoxy. Stephen Spender feels that this was in a sense inevitable, not only as a consequence of the failure of individualism, but as a protest against the faith in political panaceas. The orthodoxy of T. S. Eliot, widely accepted as the greatest of the poets of

ur time, has undoubtedly been a powerful influence. But Mr. Spender ews the strength of contemporary orthodoxy with considerable dis- uiet. It is characterized, in the first place, by the collapse of social pe. Men like Mr. Eliot assume that the life of the spirit which they alue cannot save society within history and within this life. Defeatism ems to mark the writings of almost all those creative writers who have rned to religion when confronted with the immense disorders of our eriod. The pictures of the future offered us by another religious con- rt, Aldous Huxley, show us a world emptied of hope. Arthur oestler in his recent works shows us no alternative to political violence ut a religion which he recognizes to be politically ineffective. In his *ogi and the Commissar* he appears seriously to recommend the estab- shment of fraternities of pessimists, pledged not to aim at radical olitical solutions, content to be merely repositories of values. W. H. uden refers to the task of the artist to-day as that of rebuilding the ined walls of the city, but Stephen Spender comments, if political hope to be abandoned, what city can the artist help to build but the False ity of the tyrants? The religion of men like T. S. Eliot, Aldous Huxley nd W. H. Auden seems to Mr. Spender a form of death worship which, y helping to destroy man's faith in his power to build a city founded n justice and freedom, serves the interest of the totalitarians. Mr. liot's poetry is concerned more with death and the dead than with life nd joy; the return to orthodoxy often seems to express a merely private eligion concerned with sin and inner knowledge and the status of the oet in eternity rather than his participation in life with other men. It eems to be symptomatic of the spiritual condition of the later Eliot that he martyrdom of Celia in *The Cocktail Party* should take the form of eing crucified upside down by natives instead of torment in the con- entration camp or death at the hands of the secret police.

Mr. Spender asks whether the return to Catholicism or Anglo-Catholicism of men like Graham Greene, Evelyn Waugh and T. S. Eliot as given us any ground for rejecting the reasons which led to the re- ection of orthodoxy by the first great leaders of modernism. In his iew the questions they raised on the relation between orthodox values nd the structure of modern societies have not been answered by our Catholic and Anglican writers. He is inclined to attribute the present nfeeblement of literature, the almost universal discouragement from which writers are now suffering, to the fact that the return to orthodoxy as shown a significant failure to answer any of the questions put by the greatest of the figures of the modernist literary movement. Stephen Spender's sketch of the modern literary movement is as illuminating as t is informative, and I believe his criticisms of the more notable con- emporary figures are just. But the picture he presents is profoundly disturbing and he offers little ground for hope. He remarks that we are waiting for the genius who will free us from the strangling embrace of

society, but he sees no indication of his emergence among the younger writers, and I would suggest that the prescription that we have to free ourselves from society recalls too much the maxims of the visionary idealist of the first phase of modernism. Mr. Spender is surely right in maintaining that the covert defeatism of such men as Eliot, Auden, Greene and Waugh is no less disturbing than the avowed despair of Wells, or Aldous Huxley, of Koestler and Orwell.

But it is noteworthy that while Mr. Spender gives much attention to continental writers of a generation ago, to Baudelaire, Rilke, Rimbaud, Mallarmé and Proust, he ignores the French writers of our own day, for example Simone de Beauvoir, Albert Camus and Jean-Paul Sartre. If Britain went through the ordeal of the 1939-1945 war, it experienced nothing comparable to the agony of the occupation of France. Perhaps something significant will emerge from the French contemporary school, its morale stiffened by the heroism of the Resistance. M. Camus's *The Plague* is one of the few really great novels of our time. M. Sartre's *What is Literature?* is an appeal to writers to help to create the new Renaissance without which our civilization is doomed. In Jean-Paul Sartre's view it is to the creative writer rather than the statesman or scientist that we must look for hope in our time. Politicians become victims of the rigidities and barrenness of the mass movements they claim to lead. Scientists tend to suffer from what M. Sartre calls " bad faith ", shown in a disposition to believe that objective data and formal logical techniques can in themselves show the way forward to men and societies in our time. M. Sartre agrees with Stephen Spender that modern literature is grievously sick, and he offers a slogan to writers in the phrase " *la littérature engagée*." What is it, to conclude our brief survey of literary modernism, that Jean-Paul Sartre is concerned to recommend? Just as, in the existentialist view, the authentic person is one who refuses conformity and creates value for himself through his decisions and projects, so it is the function of literature to create the future both of man and of society through the projects of the creative artist. If the sickness of literature is partly due to the breakdown of communication between the writer and his public, that means also that the artist has virtually dispossessed himself of his destiny, for man's destiny is inescapably a social one. The idea that the writer can separate himself from the fate of his society is little better than an infantile fantasy. Only so far as the creative thinker re-establishes communication will the personal and social actions be possible by which the atomic obliteration of man might even yet be prevented. Thus the human task, as M. Sartre sees it, has become a literary task, and literature a total enterprise.

The task of the writer is, in the first place, to call men to the life of freedom. The authentic writer has only one subject, freedom, and the novel is a task set to freedom. In addressing his readers as free men he helps each of them in his own way to rise to the peak of his freedom;

if also he seeks to show the world truly, he discloses it at the same time in the perspectives of change. For if his task is to open the world of freedom to man, it is also the transformation of society, the creation of the " open society " in which freedom will be possible, a society which, if it will be Socialist in accepting responsibility for man's material well-being, will recognize liberty as the one true absolute; an " open society " is one which is continually enriched with value through the creativeness of persons, which recognizes the person as the creator of value. In Jean-Paul Sartre's view, then, literature will only recover from its sickness through a school of writers who take control of their destiny, who learn to speak in an unmistakable voice to all men, who are Socialist but recognize Socialism not as an end but as a means, a means to freedom, a means in particular to that creative upsurge which is a universal human potentiality but which is now destroyed in most men, in part by bad social conditions, in part by " bad faith ".

Albert Camus speaks in similar terms in his prophetic work, *The Rebel*, as when he remarks that we must stake all on a new renaissance, on establishing a world of self reliant personalities, of men who, capable of freedom themselves, will that others shall be free, who care for justice but recognize that without liberty all that is significant in the life of personality is destroyed.

Stephen Spender makes no reference to the existentialists, but there are a number of passages in his work, notably in his criticisms of T. S. Eliot and of the return to orthodoxy, in which he shows a recognition that a literary renaissance will only come through writers who seek to participate in building the Good City in co-operation with other men, who, while forfeiting nothing of personal integrity and individual vision, have recovered faith in life and their fellowmen, whose " orthodoxy " is a belief in the common ideals which are the indispensable foundation of the Open Society. Stephen Spender's voice is hesitant and he fails to make the clear call we find in *What is Literature?* but he has provided a critical survey of the modernist movement in literature whose importance we should not under-estimate.

(*Mr. J. B. Coates is the author of* The Crisis of the Human Person.)

THE INWARD EYE—III

By Norman Nicholson

IT is ironic that radio, which employs such a high proportion of literates, should be so forceful a factor in the decline in reading. Needless to say, the B.B.C. has a conscience about this. Again and again it tries to direct the listener to the written word, by reviews, talks, discussions, dramatizations and serials. The last in particular, seem to have been intended primarily for the bookless public, hoping to arouse an interest in what used to be called the popular classics. There was a time when radio had something of the pleasing naïveté of the early silent films, and Sunday evening serials *were* serials. Attracted by the novelty, hosts of people, as widely differing in class and education as the audience of an Elizabethan theatre, were to be found listening, simultaneously, to the same story.

But as radio developed, the audience, like that of the modern theatre, became departmentalized. The Third claimed its thousands and the Light its tens of thousands. So that the public which remained for the Sunday serial on the Home Service came to be classified as predominantly middle-class, middle-brow, and middle-aged. There was a preference for the gentle, easy-going tale, set in the clubs, parsonages and country houses of nineteenth-century England—a solid, permanent-seeming society, so different from that of to-day, in which people behaved or misbehaved according to recognizable laws and standards. Jane Austen, Thackeray, Trollope, Galsworthy, the Wells of *The Wheels of Chance*—all these seemed to tell of a time of stability, and after half an hour of such listening one felt fortified against even the Nine O'Clock News.

We need not quarrel with this choice. If the unreading public is ever to begin to explore again the country of literature, then the broad high road of the Victorian novel is as good as any to enter by. Moreover, it is a road that can carry a very mixed traffic, fast and slow, pedestrian and vehicular. Yet it is to be doubted whether these serials really do provide an introduction to the books whose title they bear, for, like the corresponding film versions, they simplify to the danger of distortion. Where, for instance, in a scene from *Oliver Twist*, the radio listener would hear only the brutality of the melodrama, the reader of the book would be aware also of Dickens's huge compassion, of an ironic humour, and of a grotesque poetry within the Gothic squalor. Now and again

as in the Jane Austen serials) radio has retained something of the multiplicity of the original by employing the author as narrator, but too often the final result has been little more than the aural equivalent of the World's Best Books in Comic Strip.

It would seem that the ideal medium for the re-education of this unreading public ought to be the Third Programme. But the Third presumes on a high degree of literacy to begin with, or, at least, it does so in the case of literature. Its scientific talks are much more accommodating to the general listener, as, for instance, the recent admirable series on the ocean. Evidently the scientist, quite certain of the importance of his subject in the eyes of the non-specialist public, is prepared to address himself to that public, while the literary critic, far from certain of a similar regard for *his* subject, addresses other critics.

Moreover, the Third, as a rule, is not very greatly interested in what have called the broad high road of English literature. Proust, Joyce, Dostoievsky—these are more likely to be discussed than Fielding or Dickens. It is all the more pleasant, therefore, to record the complete success of an important series on just this subject: V. S. Pritchett's five talks on "The Comic Element in the English Novel." Mr. Pritchett's material ranged from the eighteenth-century novelists, through Dickens to the present day. Very broadly one might say that he divides comic writers into the sane and the mad, and that he has an obvious sympathy for the latter. His greatest admiration, perhaps, is for Sterne, and among modern writers, for Joyce, while he sees Dickens as belonging more to the tradition of Sterne than to that of Fielding. Laughter, to Mr. Pritchett, is a very serious thing—a defence or a protest against the irrationality of life, against the ultimate tragic predicament of man. "Destructive" is one of his favourite commendatory epithets, and in this he is truly contemporary. For my own part, I confess an unfashionable preference for the laughter of the sane—for the comedy which evolves within an accepted moral framework, for the humour which comes from a joyous marvelling at life. Constructive laughter is not only more companionable than the destructive kind, it is also, on the whole, funnier, and I think Mr. Pritchett under-estimates both its value and its subtlety. It is not sufficient, for instance, to label Smollett's as the humour of rough action, for the character of Humphrey Clinker is as delicate, as exquisitely ambiguous in its oscillation between irony and admiration, as anything we can find in Sterne. Such, however, is merely my way of arising from the minutes, and to argue back is not to criticize, but to show that our gratitude and obligation to Mr. Pritchett extend long beyond the 30 minutes of each talk.

Mr. Nicholson's fourth article on radio listening will be published in the October number of THE FORTNIGHTLY.)

IN MEMORY OF A LITTLE GOD

The earth on top has grown, so pale and stale and cold!
But they are many, the under-earth men,
they live like seamen inside a ship's ribs
always moving forward at hands' and arms' length
slowly through Earth, slowly under its load:
that's what makes them so quick
above it. Release! Quickly they speak, run, love and beget children
roaring with the long words of their rapid language
as if carrying news of disaster, passion and revelation.
Every word is a down hill river;
something their talk has in it
of the Evangelical run after a sinner
and something of Hell seeing daylight
A greyhound language, a singer's, a terrified
child's lost in the broom forest sleep—crying for home.
Every word has a call in it. Not understanding
I understand the meaning of it.

The smell of the thyme,
the meadows mourning the scythe, the bee-humming
fairies' circular singing has left their cities for ever—
cities started by shepherds
weary of self and sheep and maggots,
lambing and shearing, dipping and selling and of lonely self-hiring:
" Let us have wives and be farmers, children and be their fathers,
Sell sheep for them and tunic them in our wool."
And the cities came . . . .
the gray flock and the shepherds
went out to sea in the mist-light. Trees were felled and
their buds were broken
A god ran out of a dairy.
Aye, Black Blackie Gwyre is no longer—
he has hidden where no book can find him.
Turn the hay, turn the bowls, turn the brains all through Wales,
take your torches through the mountains,
Search Wales, no-one will remember him except the old, and the oldest
blue-eyed woman joined to her knitting.
She will look at you, " stars wake his eyes
at midnight " and you will guess where he hangs hidden
in the corner of her innocent chimney, with a glance in the black of him

like a tear in an ancient umbrella, like a bat with a rent in its web.

Oh daemon, oh god! first off a druid tree
covered with wood soot, hands like a spider
and feet like a hare, full of joyous domesticity
and a child's tiny rage if his hunger go empty—
little god, much we would give for the return of thee!
But his folk-taught dancing
leaps no more over the table and his curses, his broth bowl are broken:
gone is Black Blackie Gwyre like the grass beyond story and token;
ask in the towns, where is the nearest leaf?
They will know, but ask where the god is
they will never have heard of him. A young witch-wife
whose mind was a bible of myth, answered
" Who is he? He must be the Puck of our country." Yet
I have heard men and women curse by him and threaten their children:
" Black Blackie Gwyre who lives up the chimney will get you."

The farmhand, the shepherd wife liked him;
and he, eldritch boy, made a
fine swear in a snow drift, at a knot in the knitting.
None hears of him now: no woman
rising to unpick a bad stocking by firelight
finds the heel turned and empty the sops in saucer:
nor in the warm puffing dough the impress
of a small black hand. Yes the small daemon god's gone.
No fresh girl, fresh as the water she carries
down hill from the coldest well, hears the bass fairy humming
as if bees had voices, as if in the heather
some strange singing moved under the daylight
dying as with the branch of a bare foot extended, she listens
oh happy she listens against the daybreak.

For always under the earth men are unpicking it
many and many of them, a language of faces:
there are fathers with sons, grandfathers with houses,
and all of their senses have been in cells underground.
Earth touches them
with an uncommunicable wisdom, for these are
not fossils to set, but are spirits—
husbands there are, whose wives did they but know it
will bear children to be what their fathers were given
but never perceived, all absorbed in their labour and danger.
From deep Earth these men are themselves with child of wisdom . . .
Such a Solomon face is to be seen on the mole and the vixen

though only a few feet under, like Pan in expression,
and in the worm's deftness, the snake's mask and her calm eyes.
The sons of these fathers
shall shine like ones brought from darkness to daylight.
The mothers are nests but the fathers
are both fathers and mothers because of that mineral wisdom.
Places where nothing should breathe,
places where nothing should be, only the close-clasped ones
tight in pure darkness, in an earthly unsounding
unfeeling, unseeing blackness stored with star-layers
contain that which is not, but can be, deep knowledge
once it touch man.
Stones, rocks, fernbones, rivers unwritten
in daylight, but mindlessly drifting
deep in the globe, these fathers have contacted;
and their seed knows what their minds do not know.
For they stood (men!) looking where not a
single age had stood upright
since forest fell and the mountains on top of them.
Yet dazzling like minerals
the children shall leap the father's rich ignorance,
through powers meeting under enormous darkness
dazzling like ores and dazzling as spirits
they are born with tremendous intellectual capacities.
Mysteries in men! Seers, preachers, physicians, poets,
and the sweet-tongued Evangelist with a bell-buoy in his mouth
and his dear, holy, preoccupation with human ideals.
This shows them to be
the sons of the fathers, not the mothers. So be it
they save man, sing to him, pray to him, heal him,
and with the earth's awful cunning
deceive him.
Altars stream with their radiant music and
the mass is refilled by them. The Day men marvel
having no darkness to father them that these children are born
from miners.
But Black Blackie Gwyre is lost and forever
hung up like a bat in an innocent chimney
poking a star out of his eye, wondering
where are the churns and the broth bowls
I grieve for his going . . . .
moan his memory, thinking of him
who was too small to be god, or even a god.

MARGIAD EVANS

FESTIVAL IN CATALONIA

By Terence Dennis

BENT over the fire, her cheeks flushed to the colour of an oleander, Señora Martinez ladled flour fritters out of the pan. Her husky, Andalusian tones provided a ground bass against which the oil popped and spluttered as she dropped some more of the mixture into the sizzling liquid. "The procession, Señor? You must see it from the cathedral steps—where the whole thing starts—take your chair in good time. It is important." "The very best position, as my wife says," added her husband. Wreathed in wisps of blue smoke, the Señora turned back to the mysteries of Spanish cooking.

Pursued by a series of explosions from the kitchen, I went into the tiny *patio*. Señor Martinez, a small, wizened Catalan with the face of an affectionate marmoset, hovered among the bamboo tables and chairs, straightening a china inkpot, rearranging a sheaf of last year's American magazines, brushing a crumb from his sleeve. Ah, yes, the Festividad de Santa Tecla! It was just as his wife had said, giants, dwarfs, flowers, dancing! All at once the double doors of an adjoining bedroom were thrown open. Señor Martinez peeped at me sideways, drew himself to his full height, and adjusted the cuffs of his crumpled white coat. "Madame?" he murmured; and waited with the patient determination of a man in a cinema queue.

Out of the bedroom, her ample bulk pitched violently forward, her hair pinned *á la marquise* beneath the frail structure of a black lace hat, an indignant Frenchwoman tottered across the tiles on extremely high heels. She flashed a bejewelled forefinger at the proprietor, and her voice rose in a harsh crescendo. It was a scandal, a disgrace, the thing that lay on the stones in front of the entrance, the thing she had almost stepped on in the Catalan darkness! A rat, yes, a dead rat!

Ah, the creature was dead? Señor Martinez muttered. Assuredly, yes, but that didn't excuse it, not in the least! Either she or the rat must go immediately. She was expecting her niece to arrive from Paris at any moment, and how could she look the poor child in the face with an object like that on the very threshold? A girl straight from a finishing-school, too! It was impossible. The rat came from the market, explained Señor Martinez; it was, fortunately, quite harmless. Now he would ask Francisco, the porter, to remove the corpse at once. Francisco was very clever with rats. Half-assuaged, the guest relapsed into one

of the bamboo chairs and began to polish her nails, shrugging her shoulders from time to time, "*C'est une pays farouche!*" she told us; and surveyed her scarlet-pointed nails. "*Mais c'est bon marché pour nous.*"

When Señor Martinez returned to the *patio*, he explained that this quarter of the city was built on Roman foundations; tourists photographed it; artists painted it; his wife disliked it; the compilers of guide-books wrote about it; yet in the face of history what was one small rat that had crept out of the market? *De nada!* Now he must remember to tell Antonio, the waiter, to set the dining-room tables for an impending coach load of visitors from Düsseldorf. More and more Germans, it seemed, came to Spain, mostly the young ones; it did not greatly matter that the señoritas sometimes wore trousers, for the Catalans were a Mediterranean race and understood the eccentric ways of foreigners. The Castilians, on the other hand . . . Here Señor Martinez assumed a mystic expression, and put a finger to his lips. Now he must refloat the three plastic fish in the glass bowl that was suspended from the ceiling. Persuasively, he urged us across the tiled space of the *patio*, edged us down the wide, stone staircase. He stood in the great, columned doorway, bowing slightly from the waist; and indicated the direction we must take with a flourish of his fountain-pen.

* * *

Stepping into the narrow, ochre-coloured street that smelt of sour wine, we chose a series of alleyways that had once housed Tarragona's nobility; each doorway seemed crushed beneath the weight of its massive stone escutcheon. Presently we reached the Calle Mayor—the Via Triumphalis of the Romans—with its dusky, medieval arches and tiny shops, its beaded curtains winking in the sun. Dramatically, the setting was superb: the golden brown houses gathered under the afternoon sky, the falling streets pointed with shadows, the dazzling chinks of sea, the flight of steps that flew up to the cathedral. From the top of the town, a climax of wall-engulfed promontory, the roofs sloped down to the Mediterranean that rose behind the scimitars of the cactus hedge. The Cyclopean walls beneath the Roman, where Iberian signs were cut into the stones, looked northward to the Campo de Tarragona with its orchards of olive and almond, its vineyards rising against the mountains. Far below on the seaward side, they were digging out the remains of an amphitheatre; and round the rim of the bay the Valencia express was trailing a brown plume of smoke.

Below the ancient citadel piled upon its rock, voices were borne aloft as the hot wind stirred the dust. Now we were walking in the brief, southern twilight, made ominous by a hint of storm. It was the hour when the crowd converged in this one direction, towards the cathedral steps. Chairs were pushed back against the shop-fronts, or wedged in the entrances to courtyards, they overflowed at the alley corners, gushed

t upon balconies that were hung with vivid, coloured stuffs; for this s the evening of the *fiesta* dedicated to Santa Tecla, the city's tutelar nt. Tense, expectant, the crowd waited, though for many it must ve been a familiar, almost commonplace occasion. At intervals roughout the day the shrill hypnotic music of the pipes had brayed up d down the streets to the accompaniment of the goatskin drums. Its rious rhythms beat like the Spanish temperament against the walls, rged through the half-shuttered windows, glanced off the balconies. he musicians wore white trousers like those of Morris dancers, with de sashes of black, purple, or scarlet, arranged to give a pleated effect the waist. Bareheaded, they swung across the cobbles playing vigor-sly, Catalan to the core. They were pursued by hundreds of small ys as they marched up from the port, where the fishermen lived.

To-night, after the procession, there would be dancing on the big ambla under the plane trees, where, until the small hours, the per-rmers would go through the formal convolutions of the Sardaña. A end had promised to keep seats for us at the top of the cathedral steps, t how to reach them? We dived and squirmed and plunged through e sea of tightly packed human beings, and there, in front of the great, en doors that framed a cavern of burning tapers, two groups of men ere climbing upon one another's shoulders. They worked with the eed and precision of trained acrobats. Their arms entwined, their ads bowed, they built themselves into the semblance of a pair of triple-oreyed towers. Standing against a background of sculptured stone and ndlelight, they hardly flickered, but stood as if in architectural idity—monumental as the carved niches and blocks of amber-coloured me. Applause cracked round the square. The towers showed no gn of collapsing! They stood, if anything, a little straighter; they ere not to be deflected until the precise, the traditional moment. The pplause was renewed as two small boys were seen to leap from the round and hoist themselves slowly round and up the living edifices. winging, thrusting, wriggling, they reached the topmost 'storey' and, alancing like tight-rope dancers, they stood triumphantly aloft, forming n apex to these *torres humanas*. Just as a singer performs complicated rills as an exercise, so these human towers struck the scale of balance. They were indeed a survival of the religious games prevalent throughout Europe during the middle ages, and such customs lingered in the streets f Spanish cities.

There was a sudden stir among the crowd, for now the outlandish giants and giantesses were approaching, figures that tottered darkly out f a nightmare, that seemed half as high as the houses, their lath and cardboard figures each propelled by an invisible Gipsy. Who were they meant to represent, these stalking fantasies? A robed and turbaned Moor whose heavy painted moustache was turned down at the corners, a necklace of beads round his throat, a scimitar at his waist; a woman in

medieval headdress, whose features resembled those of a queen upon a playing-card—but where was the king?—her black eyes staring in lofty disregard of the crowd; a young grinning blackamoor, with woollen frizzy hair, dressed in striped cotton bodice and skirt. Preceded by a man on horseback, in feathered hat and ruff, *los gigantes* ambled past, their wooden arms held stiffly at their sides, their tiny, absurd feet tripping to the music of a brisk military band.

Then came the *cabezudos*, as they were called, the dwarfs or Big Heads. They were indeed well named, for their huge, nodding heads of plaster were rendered the more grotesque by the undersized human bodies which supported them. These represented prominent local characters of the past, remembered for their benevolence or their eccentricities.

"There goes my great-great aunt!" exclaimed our Catalan friend, himself a native of Tarragona. He indicated a symbolic lady in mantilla and high pink waist, who passed in a flounced skirt. Beside her tripped a beadle whose white wig was crowned by a minute three-cornered hat. Jerking her enormous head, fumbling for a handkerchief in her reticule, she drew the laughter of the crowd as she minced beside the beadle, her scarlet-painted lips set in a fixed, rather glaring smile. Others there were who wore the bonnets and shawls, the cloaks and stove-pipe hats of the middle years of the nineteenth century. Lolling, strutting, simulating rage, despair or shyness, on the Big Heads went, parading their puppet finery, their mannerisms. It was as if one were trying to learn a language of symbols, a language so early in time that the origin and meaning of the robed and painted giants and giantesses were lost.

Both the large and the small effigies belonged to the world of puppets, jugglers, and the magician in his tent. Their setting was the city of golden stone, where so much had been destroyed, forgotten, rediscovered. This, then, was their moment. Slowly they moved one by one across the square between the rows of the now silent spectators, to descend through the streets. For an hour they would go their rounds to the huge and terrible beating of the tocsin, for an hour they would excite dismay and wonder and laughter. Then tripping, gliding, nodding, they would return to the cathedral, to be stored away for another year.

CORRESPONDENCE

India's Foreign Policy

To the Editor of The Fortnightly.

Sir,

Mr. O. M. Green* believes that the present rule in China is "utterly un-Chinese". But there is plenty of evidence to show that it is both acceptable to the people and in line with the country's traditions. Most foreign observers who have visited China with unbiassed minds have reported that it is a popular dictatorship. As for the monopoly of power in the hands of a few, it is not novel to China; only it has now been established more effectively than ever before. "The new State which has risen from the old is not just a great experiment, a marked departure, a leap in the dark, but in part a return to an older tradition, an older mode of government of which the Chinese have a wide experience and a deep understanding. In their Communist experiment the Chinese, I believe, have, in some way, clasped hands with their history." (Professor Cyril Philips in *The Listener*, March 11, 1954)

Mr. Green's second point is that China is, and has always been, imperialist. Since my article† was written, Mr. Nehru and U Nu have had long discussions with the Chinese Prime Minister, and are apparently convinced that the present Chinese Government want peace in Asia; and the settlement at Geneva suggests that China is prepared to act on her assurances. I may be wrong in believing that China does not wish to impose herself on her neighbours; but if I err, I do so in the company of Mr. Eden and M. Mendès-France.

Yours faithfully,
YOUR CORRESPONDENT IN INDIA.

On Friendship with China

Sir,

I would like to congratulate you on publishing the article by Professor William C. Atkinson‡ following his visit to the U.S.S.R. His plea for greater mutual toleration and for peaceful coexistence is most fairly stated.

I think, however, that on the question of Soviet "pin-pricks" there are also two sides, only one of which is given by him. For example, he cites the Soviet refusal to allow the "wives" to come to Britain as a Soviet "pin-prick". But he ignores the fact that it was our own Foreign Office which immediately recalled the husbands to Britain on marrying, without previously reaching agreement with the Soviet authorities that their wives should follow them. It was then more or less demanded that the Soviet Government automatically send the wives to follow their husbands. Moreover, on no occasion did any of the husbands apparently even attempt to get visas to return to Moscow to be with their wives. Finally, the Soviet Government did at one stage, through the London Embassy, let it be known that they would settle the question of the wives if we would settle in a reasonable way the question of deported Soviet children in western Germany. This western pin-prick, incidentally, remains a sore point to this day.

Yours faithfully,
PAT SLOAN.

British Soviet Friendship Society,
36 Spencer Street, London, E.C.1.

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* in his letter to the editor. The Fortnightly, August 1954.

† "India's Foreign Policy", July 1954.

‡ "On Friendship with Russia", July 1954.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

POLITICS AND PARTIES

By M. R. D. Foot

Good books on political practices are rare; books that recount points of political fact and relate them well to political theory, without deluging the reader with too many facts or with arguments too complex, are rarer still. Moreover, too many books on politics are written against a background of political theory which is no longer relevant. Mill's, or Green's or even Lenin's views on how men ought to behave towards each other do not necessarily fit into the world that Hitler and Stalin have bequeathed us; and some of the 'classical' theorists are coming to have much more historical than contemporary interest—though distinctions they made are still used in situations which they no longer fit, while distinctions they could not have made remain undiscerned.

M. Duverger's gallant attempt to discern new distinctions* covers the political parties, by which so many of the decisions that matter in modern politics are made, though they have had so little attention till now from those who try to draw up the rules of the political game. Here is a book about what really happens in politics, in terms of what is familiar to the newspaper reader as well as the student of the subject in detail. The author has dealt with such questions as these: What is a political party? How are parties organized? What does an ordinary member of a party do? How do parties find their leaders? What decides how many parties there are in a State? How are parties formed, and in what ways, once formed, do they change? Do parties help or hinder the development of a free State? He handles concepts too deftly to elaborate what he says, and there is room for a still more down-to-earth analysis of what political parties are: of the big opportunities they provide for little men; of the paralysing hunt for money (if only to pay the agent's salary) that afflicts so many party branches, especially on the left; of the numbing boredom of 'matters arising from the minutes' and 'correspondence' on which so many hours are wasted; of the dogged enthusiasm of the stalwarts, the women above all, on whom mass parties are founded.

Yet it would not be fair to stress the accusation that this book is too theoretical when it gives (for instance) so accurate, so fresh, and so detailed an account of the nature of continental Communist parties outside the Russian zone—and indeed within it, an excellent diagram shows how the number of delegates to the Russian Communist party congress who had joined the party before the civil war was ended shrank from over four-fifths in 1934 to less than a fifth in 1939, while in the same five years the number of 'Old Bolsheviks'—men who had joined before the revolutions—came down from over a fifth to under a fortieth. M. Duverger explains the necessary consequences of Communist policy and organization, both within the Communist parties of Europe and for the parties that have to co-exist with them; and shows how a Communist party cannot form one half of a two-party system, since when it secures power it has to abolish (or at least to emasculate) its opponents.

On the whole, he regards each party he handles as a unity; 'ginger groups' like the Fourth Party of the 1880's or the Bevanites of the present day get rather cursory treatment, and the danger that they may turn into breakaway movements, like La Follette's group of Progressive Republicans centred on Wisconsin, is dismissed as improbable. One reason for this handling of a problem that at first glance seems an important one is that it is one which necessarily hinges a good deal on personalities, unsuitable for treatment in an analytical work. The other is more

* *Political Parties*, by Maurice Duverger, translated by Barbara and Robert North. Methuen. 30s.

important. M. Duverger believes that there are general laws, capable of precise formulation, about the forms that modern parties take and the work that they do; modest as he is in his claims for his own formulæ, he believes that they cover all the splinter groups that he notices. In a two-party system, with elections of the English type, a splinter group is bound to change sides (as happened to our National Liberals) or to be re-absorbed into the party it left, like the English Common Wealth Party of the 1940's. Under a system of proportional representation with many parties, the 'main' and 'splinter' parties can, he thinks, go on side by side; and he cites the history of Switzerland and Norway in the 1920's to prove it. The question of what the electors think about a split is one that the author does not ask; but then, he is not writing a handbook for election agents.

On the more theoretical side, in an engaging section near the end of *Political Parties* M. Duverger makes hay of the classical doctrine of separation of powers and the old-fashioned way of classifying constitutions:

> The development of parties has burst the bonds of the old political categories inspired by Aristotle or Montesquieu. The classic contrast between parliamentary, presidential, and National Convention régimes can henceforth no longer serve as the pivot for modern constitutional law . . . the distinction between single-party, two-party, and multi-party systems tends to become the fundamental mode of classifying contemporary régimes . . . The degree of separation of powers is much more dependent on the party system than on the provisions of the Constitution.

In a catholic survey he ranges, if not from China to Peru, at least from Sweden to Uruguay and from Turkey to New Zealand; it is refreshing, by the bye, to find the two Turkish revolutions, from blind autocracy *via* single-party dictatorship to a working two-party democracy, accorded their proper significance. And he does not hesitate to raise fundamental problems: the danger, for example, that the existence of Communist parties outside the Russian zone of influence will promote the renewed growth of Fascist ones; or this sardonic passage near the close:

> No people has ever been known to govern itself and none ever will. All government is oligarchic: it necessarily implies the domination of the many by a few. Rousseau, whom his commentators have forgotten to read, was well aware of this: "In the strict sense of the term, no true democracy has ever existed and none will ever exist. It is contrary to the natural order for the majority to rule and the minority to be ruled."*

STRATEGY FOR THE WEST, by Sir John Slessor. *Cassell.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Probably no-one has had a wider experience in the planning and waging of air warfare than Sir John Slessor, who retired from the post of Chief of the Air Staff after a distinguished career which, in its later stages gave him unique opportunities of working in the closest co-operation with the United States Air Force and its successive chiefs. In *Strategy for the West,* he exposes the conclusions concerning the use of air power to which he has been led by his experience in its use and his thinking about its potentialities, not merely as a means of winning a future war, but also as an instrument of policy directed towards the preservation of peace. The style of the book, which is based on a series of lectures delivered during 1952 to military establishments at home and across the Atlantic, while well-suited to a spoken lecture before a service audience, would have benefited by some pruning and clarification to adapt it for presentation to a wider and less specialized public.

The main strategic thesis is twofold, First, that it will be the Air Striking Force, by which is meant a strategic bomber force, at present possessed among the western powers only by the United States of America and, in an embryo state, by the United Kingdom, which will be the decisive factor in any future major war. Secondly, that in any such major war, the use of the atomic bomb is inevitable.

There can surely be few who would question the fact that the introduction

* *Social Contract,* Book III, Ch. IV.

of the atomic weapon has changed the nature of warfare fundamentally. For the first time, man has in his hands a means of wholesale destruction on a massive, and perhaps unpredictable, scale. And whereas there was room for argument as to the place and importance of the air arm in warfare before the atomic age, the advent of nuclear weapons has made that arm (whether using manned or unmanned aircraft) supreme as the only means of delivering the projectile at the target, which comprises all the most vital spots in the enemy's economy. This, however, does not preclude the tactical use of the atomic shell by the land and sea forces, whose rôle has become mainly tactical, except for the Navy's traditional task of keeping the sea communications open.

The destructive power of the atomic or hydrogen bomb is so great that one must believe that any future war will be a short one. It follows, therefore, that there will be little time for hesitation whether to use the weapon or not. The nation that suffers the first blow, which will obviously be aimed at its most crucial targets, may find itself gravely crippled in its war-waging ability from the outset.

The author's solution to the great east-west problem is an expanded version of Sir Winston Churchill's suggested "Locarno" model treaty. He proposes a treaty of mutual guarantee against aggression to which the NATO powers, Russia and her satellites should be invited to adhere, the guarantee being backed by a specific undertaking by Great Britain and the United States, as the only atomically armed western powers, instantly to use their atomic air power against any aggressor. The proposal, which is worked out in considerable detail, is attractive, but presupposes a degree of foresight and unanimity among the western nations which would be difficult to achieve and seems hardly to give sufficient weight to the effect which her own advances in the nuclear field might have upon the Soviet attitude.

DOUGLAS COLYER

OIL IN THE MIDDLE EAST, by Stephen Hemsley Longrigg. Issued under the Auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs. *Oxford University Press.* 25*s.*

The story which Brigadier Longrigg tells is the history of the development of the Middle East Oil Belt. Successes came dramatically but spasmodically and they were punctuated by many expensive failures; and one of the most illuminating features of his book is his account of these failures. Millions of money lost in fruitless borings in Arabian sands and along the Levant littoral and in the rocky islets of the Red Sea; years of unrewarded human effort under almost unparalleled conditions of physical hardship. Such episodes give the true picture of the enormous risks in oil exploration. But the pioneers persevered and their backers did not lose confidence and by 1911 production had begun. By 1919 the yearly output had reached one million tons; in 1930 the figure was six million; in 1940 it was just under 14 ; and in 1952, by which time Egypt, Iraq, Persia, Bahrain, Qatar, Kuwait and Saudi-Arabia were all producing, the total had risen to just under 105 million tons a year—a figure representing approximately 17 per cent. of the whole world's output. Into the bargain these 40 exploratory years had established the fact that the Middle East was the greatest oil-reservoir in the world with proved reserves equivalent to 55 per cent. of the known reserves of the world.

All this Brigadier Longrigg describes with authority and impeccable objectivity. His story is always arresting and often exciting. And its complicated background history is equally thrilling —the long international negotiations which resulted in the great oil companies working certain fields together; the purely British achievement in Persia; the purely American success in Saudi-Arabia; the immense feat of the trans-desert pipe-lines to the Mediterranean coast; and the ups and downs of the protracted negotiations with the newly

independent and often very nationalistic Middle East Governments who are the sovereign owners of the oil and of the territories crossed by the pipe-lines.

Brigadier Longrigg's painstaking but never dull or aggressive analysis of this background history gives an enlightening picture of how, up to date, the jig-saw pieces of the interests involved have been sorted into place. But, as he emphasizes, the future prosperity of an increasingly oil-thirsty world must always depend on how the oil companies and the Middle East Governments concerned agree, as partners, to attune themselves to common-sense, compromise and collaboration. For the world needs Middle East oil no less than the young Middle East countries need the oil royalties to finance their peoples into decent living conditions and happiness.

Oil in the Middle East deserves a wide reading public, not only in the west where knowledge of Middle East oil is normally superficial, but more particularly in those Middle East countries directly concerned in the industry where its basic facts are hardly known and where public opinion can still be disastrously swayed by the ill-digested politics of adolescent nationalism. Is it too much to hope that Brigadier Longrigg's excellent book will be translated into Arabic for easier consumption in the whole Middle East?

OWEN TWEEDY

FIRE IN THE ASHES, by Theodore H. White. *Cassell.* 15*s.*

This book has nothing to do with any visits to Australia, as the casual reader might imagine and as this reviewer for the moment hoped. It is concerned with quite another Truman. The author would put down any such confusion to the incorrigible escapism of the European, which greatly concerns him. But it is really due to the equally incorrigible habit of journalists, particularly Ameri-

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can journalists, of giving to their books titles which bear no apparent relation to their contents and leaving the blurbs on the covers to explain what they are really about.

This blurb is helpful. Do you know, it asks, "what are the functions of O.E.E.C., E.D.C., E.C.A., N.A.T.O., S.H.A.P.E.? How did they come into existence and what exactly do they do?" The book answers these questions clearly and well and for that reason can be profitable reading for most of us. But as it is by an American journalist it does an awful lot more. It contains anecdotes, chatty little case studies of distinguished Europeans and much material which hardly seems relevant to the ostensible purpose of explaining to Americans why they are having to pour so much money down the European drain and what sort of people are benefiting.

It is most interesting for European readers to see ourselves through American eyes and to see American policy through the eyes of one who is, I think, a very good journalist, who has grasped a great many essentials in a short time. They will find it trying for the same reason. They will have to accustom themselves to one or two line paragraphs and accept the Copernican revolution that describes France as "almost as large as Texas." There are more important irritations. Mr. White for example describes the large amounts of American aid given to the United Kingdom without making any set-off for transfers by her to other European countries. He writes of Britain's "morbid realization" and "hysterical fear" of her dependence on the American economy. These adjectives not only seem inappropriate to the British but are quite out of keeping with his own analysis of the British outlook. They are just clichés in his writing-case that have to be brought out for use.

The natural way to judge the quality of the author's generalizations about Europe and America is to look at what he has to say about something one knows, the United Kingdom. By that test his judgments command respect. He is very fair about British Socialism and the achievements of the Labour Government under its Prime Minister who "still looks like the social service worker he once was but who conceals beneath a rabbit-like exterior a determination of iron and inflexible power of decision." He records, it is gratifying to note, that Members of the British Parliament are "grossly underpaid". Our great strength lies in our unique sense of national unity and while he assesses, I think fairly, the material success and psychological disappointment of nationalization, he sees perhaps our greatest shortcoming in our system of education.

Only Americans, he says, live in a society in which Communism can seduce a healthy mind. That sounds plain silly. Either there are a great many unhealthy minds in the U.S. or what is all the fuss about? While he is frank about the cardinal aim of American policy to combat Russia, he prepares opinion for peaceful co-existence. In American diplomacy there has been the tradition of the crusade and the tradition of the deal. "The deal need not smell." That is perhaps the wisest as it is one of the shortest sentences in the book.

JAMES E. MACCOLL

STUDIES IN THE SOCIAL SERVICES, by Sheila Ferguson and Hilda Fitzerald. *H.M. Stationery Office* and *Longmans, Green.* 22*s.* 6*d.*

This book is a successor to *Problems of Social Policy* by Professor R. M. Titmuss and is included in the series of histories of the 1939-1945 war. The family is the theme and the authors have given an interesting account of the growth of Government action during the war and have considered in detail the various services which were provided, some for the first time, for the welfare of young children. It is shown that the growth of State action, reluctant at first, was the inevitable result of wartime pressures such as the dispersal of families and the mobilization of women. Sometimes it is suggested that the com-

ing into operation of the Welfare State has caused a breakdown in family life and it is as well that the authors should have put this fear into proper perspective by showing that as the number of children in a family has shrunk the possibility of inter-family help also shrinks, and that dispersal in wartime removed still more the possible source of self help among the families and their friends. This was the main reason, therefore, why the provision of domestic help which previously was only available for maternity and child welfare cases was extended to the sick and the aged.

Increases in illegitimacy brought their special troubles and necessitated the adoption of a new attitude to unmarried mothers. During the war and in the immediate post-war years there were 170,000 illegitimate births above the normal number and unmarried mothers met with great obstacles in trying to help themselves or obtain help. The Ministry of Health were inclined at first to leave the matter to the local authorities as a Poor Law problem, but local authorities were given financial aid later to meet their additional expenditure in this matter and, after encountering considerable opposition from the Treasury, the Ministry established a special scheme for maternity provision for unmarried war workers. The authors show, however, that for almost four years of war illegitimacy, as a social problem, was not regarded as a responsibility of Government.

On the welfare of children generally it is noted that in the fourth year of war the infant mortality was the lowest on record and the birth rate was the highest for 15 years. It was during the war years that there was a gradual development of health and welfare services which led up to the further action which was taken under the Beveridge report. Other sections of the book describe the growth of the provision of residential nurseries which were pioneered by voluntary organizations, the development of the tuberculosis service, and the problem caused by the shortage of nurses generally.

The authors have done a good job in not only describing how the various services were brought into operation during the war but in indicating how the experience of the war years can be a lesson for those who are now responsible for these services.

JOHN MOSS

EURIPIDES : *Ion,* translated by Gilbert Murray, with explanatory notes. *Allen and Unwin,* 7*s.* 6*d.*

DIODORUS SICULUS, vol. VI, Books XIV-XV, 19, translated by G. H. Oldfather; vol. X, Books XIX, 66-XX, translated by Russel M. Geer.

MINOR ATTIC ORATORS, vol. II: Dinarchus, Lycurgus, Demades, Hyperides, translated by J. O. Burtt. *Heinemann*: Loeb Classical Library, 15*s. each.* America $3.00

Greek thought comes to us in its most modern approximation in Euripides. He invites us to put old conventions to the test. He questions much more than political institutions or principles of government. These, the perennial topics of western man, are ignored or seen in a wider perspective. Euripides asks us to look at the divine government of the universe, and especially of mankind. We see the gods at work, and the fruit of their work. And if such fruit be woe upon woe to men, still more to women, and with mounting apprehension and pity we see injustice triumphant, torturing, tearing the souls of its victims, must we be mute conventional worshippers? Euripides leaves the answer to us. He provides indeed a conventional ending. The god out of the machine brings the tangled story together. The supernatural is imposed on the natural and vivid presentation of human reality.

It is rash to search for an ordered system of thought, a criticism of theology, in the body of this drama, of which only 18 tragedies and one satire have come down to us out of 92 works attributed to Euripides in antiquity. He posed questions; he did not tidy the

argument up into a neat hypothesis, antithesis, synthesis. Nor should we be too eager to find mockery at every turn. Euripides is capable of mockery of himself. But that his tragedies left in the minds of their audiences a mood of doubt, a seed of impiety, and that this was not accidental, can hardly be denied. The *Ion,* here translated by Dr. Gilbert Murray, is capable of more than one interpretation. Paley argued that the praise of Phoebus in the final lines (after he had cut a deplorable figure in the play itself) showed that "sooner or later, even in this life, the good are proved to be really good and receive their deserts as such." No such comforting belief can be derived from the body of the play.

However it be, the lively Greek intellect gave forth in its best period such sparks as set our modern brains in a glow. We are ready now, and even eager, to discuss the fundamentals of religious belief in a spirit nearly as free as theirs. It can no longer be deemed impious, as a *Times* correspondence has shown, to approach the study of the Bible as a body of literature, nor to separate the interpretation from the criticism of the text. Some of the most devout are the most learned scholars. We turn then to *Ion* not for nourishment of disbelief but for refreshment of soul. Dr. Murray's translation is a major event in contemporary learning, but also in popular education. His own introduction and explanatory notes will be read eagerly—and if newcomers to Euripides skip them they will want to read them afterwards. The rhyming verse adopted is not invariably a success; this would be an unjust criticism of the choric parts, and wholly unfair about the rapid dialogue. In short, learned or simple, we have to read the new *Ion.*

Another Attic author, the orator and statesman Lycurgus, brings face to face a modern issue and one of the fifth century B.C. What shall be said of a man who leaves his native city in the moment of extreme peril? Is he taking a natural and prudent course in the interest of his family, and even of the State, if he preserves some of his goods from destruction—or is he a coward and traitor? Lycurgus was the prosecutor of such a man. He had sneaked out secretly on the eve of Salamis, thinking his country's cause was lost. It was not. Lycurgus denounced him in scornful rhetoric. His invective is more telling to us than to our fathers and grandfathers brought up in a classical tradition and not under a rain of bombs.

Dinarchus "against Demosthenes" is another striking piece of denunciation: "Who was it that told lies? The Council, or you and Demades? Demosthenes is in the pay of Macedon and he has grown great at the expense of Athens. Give no heed to his entreaties or his witnesses. They are hostile to the constitution. They want to support those who take bribes against the people."

We hear the voice of the demagogue of all ages; but the demagogue has rarely had such a platform as Athens. It was she who condemned Socrates for telling the truth and she who was ruined by the arch-demagogue Cleon. There is neither Attic eloquence nor wit in Diodorus Siculus. He was not a Greek and he wrote long after the days of Athens. But he compiled an enormous encyclopaedia of history, and though many books are lost those which remain are often the only record of events, for they are based on sources which have perished. The two new "Loeb" volumes fill a gap in our knowledge and should be available in any good library.

W. Thomson Hill

THE BROKEN CISTERN, by Bonamy Dobrée. *Cohen & West.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Despite the post-war efforts of the Arts Council, the P.E.N. and similar organizations to encourage the appreciation of poetry, the poetry-reading public remains desperately small. Indeed, we are frequently told that we have reached the stage when few people, other than poets and critics, can

summon enough interest to read contemporary poetry at all. Whether this is an exaggeration or not, the situation must disturb all who are concerned with the future of English poetry.

In his latest book, which contains the Clark Lectures for 1952-53, Professor Dobrée makes a genuine attempt to tackle the problem constructively. Our poets, he says, taking his cue from Jeremiah, "have forsaken . . . the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns that can hold no water"; they have cut themselves off from everyday life by neglecting "the great universal themes that touch everybody and that all can grasp."

What, then, are these great public themes that have inspired so much of our finest poetry and attracted so many readers in the past? Professor Dobrée selects three which he considers to be of major importance—stoicism, scientism and patriotism—and traces their development in poetry from the sixteenth century onwards, showing the different attitudes towards them at different periods of history. In his concluding chapter, he suggests that if poets would turn their attention back to these themes their audience might be restored.

I do not think that he is entirely fair when he implies that modern poets ignore the "human situation". For it is precisely because they are trying to deal honestly with a complex human situation that it is difficult for them to adopt, without reservations, the uncomplicated attitudes essential to such themes as stoicism and patriotism. Moreover, there is justification for the argument that, in weakening the foundations of religious beliefs in the later nineteenth century, science devalued what had long been a stable currency in Christian symbolism, and deprived poets of the traditional pattern of values by which their experience of both inner and outer worlds could be reconciled and conveyed to their public. So that, to give shape and significance to their work, it became necessary for poets either to find a new means of re-stating Christian beliefs, as T. S. Eliot has done, or not only to acquire a vital system of symbols but to construct a framework of values within which their symbols might have effect.

If the society in which poets live no longer subscribes (as distinct from merely paying lip-service) to a common pattern of values such as that afforded by Christianity in earlier periods, poetry will almost inevitably lie beyond the grasp of large sections of the community. It might be pertinent to ask, in this age of mechanical entertainment making few demands upon the intelligence, what audience Professor Dobrée has in mind when he stipulates that poetry should offer people "what they want to read about." Nor does his thesis account for the fact that T. S. Eliot and Dylan Thomas, two of our most difficult poets, are also the most widely read.

Nevertheless, his contention that pedantic criticism, with its technical and psychological jargon, has done more to discourage readers than to arouse an interest in contemporary poetry needed saying, and this book will serve a valuable purpose if it helps to produce a healthy climate of criticism in which the relationship between poet and public can be re-established.

HOWARD SERGEANT

THE WHEEL, by Christopher Leach. *Chatto & Windus.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

THE SEVENTH MOON, by François Gorrec. *John Lehmann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

THE PINK HOUSE IN ANGEL STREET, by Reginald Thompson. *Dennis Dobson.* 15*s.*

Ten years or more ago now, in the intervals between campaigns, it was the fashion for vocal patriots to ask what had become of the war novelists. Why, when everyone else was pulling his weight, weren't these writer chaps writing? The fact that they were probably otherwise engaged was not held to be sufficient answer, even by the little reviews which gave themselves up to a heartsearching study of the problem. Possibly a sounder reason was the con-

straint of current events; and since this has lifted, the war books have in fact been produced. Two of these three narratives have their source, if an indirect one, in the violence that ended with Hiroshima.

In Mr. Leach's book the war recurs in the passages of counterpoint in which his hero's past experiences, and the grounds of his present action, are conveyed. The astion is a journey into an African desert region from which tourists are officially barred. It is a journey both of escape and of discovery: escape from the fret of failure and the dissatisfactions of urban life; discovery of the still centre of the universe. This at least is the traveller's hope, but what befalls him is very different, from the moment of his seizure by wandering tribesmen. So highly do they value the chastity of their women that when one of them offends against it she is cast off to die. As for the traveller, her partner in the act, he is chained to a water wheel in the middle of the desert and there abandoned.

In this living death— living, because he is fed from time to time by the nomads who call on him for water— the prisoner scans his past to find some justice in this enormity. In his lonely days and nights he is conscious of the sufferings of the whole race of men in his person. By the time he is rescued, he knows that "freedom, all the freedom behind the stories of wanderer, nomad-Arab and work-wary tramp lay behind his own eyes, in the mind's imagined islands." Thenceforth he resolves to live in the world, but in the light of the knowledge he has gained.

There are moments in this book when one is vexed by the imprecision, as it seems, of the writer's thought. Nor do the chapters of retrospect add much to the interests of the story. But these are I think, small matters beside the pleasure to be had from Mr. Leach's use of words, which is sparing and excellently to the purpose.

In contrast, there is no attempt at parable in *The Seventh Moon*, a class of novel of which the Japanese war has been prolific. Here, Marney, a French Colonial, escapes from a Japanese working-party and sets himself a 30 days' march to freedom. Nothing of moment occurs; but each incident, each hope and fear, is so faithfully set down that the reader's interest is compelled. The book's quality is the more remarkable in that Marnay is virtually its sole character. I do not know whether M. Gorrec, the French author of *The Seventh Moon*, himself endured the experience of his hero, but his narrative has about it all the marks of authenticity.

From a novel which reads like autobiography, one passes to an autobiography that reads, to Mr. Thompson's credit, like a novel. *The Pink House in Angel Street* is the story of a broken marriage and of a war correspondent's failure to find employment in time of peace. The publishers tell us that everyone who handled it in typescript found it touching; other readers, I think, may find it deplorable. The freedom to write, which Mr. Thompson so cherishes, can hardly have been worth the dependence it cost him. The kindest judgment one can pass is one which he makes on someone else: "This woman, I thought, would understand things only with her emotions." From all this it will appear that *The Pink House in Angel Street* is a provocative and readable book.

JOHN EALES

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

From 'a' the indefinite article to Zoilus the carping critic, one can play efficacy-testing games with Eric Partridge and never score; yet this is a sport in which it is the loser who profits. Our pet aversions, like 'nostalgia' applied to all forms of yearning, are condemned, and commended too are our pet preferences, such as different *from*. But even random readings into "Battered

Similes", or "Elegancies", or "Suitability and Adequacy" are enough to trip the complacency of anybody who writes a regular column, and there are warnings of unguessed at pitfalls in "Vagaries of the Genitive" and the "Tenses of the Subjective".

The "sunrise of writing"

The book is THE CONCISE USAGE AND ABUSAGE (*Hamish Hamilton.* 8*s.* 6*d.*) which shortens, simplifies and revises the volume of seven years ago. It does not claim to make a writer, but as "A Modern Guide to Good English" it is a useful tool for both the aspiring and the established in the craft. Nor must its intrinsic interests go unremarked; to anyone who cares for our words, hears in them the beat of history and counts literature among life's glories, this aid to style ranks with the dictionary itself in entertainment.

Style and entertainment are among the qualities we have come to take for granted in Aubrey Menen. His wit, ironic rather than caustic, his fun-poking without facetiousness, his own particular blend of verve and urbanity, are others. All were as apparent in his first novel *The Prevalence of Witches* as they are in his fifth RAMA RETOLD (*Chatto & Windus.* 12*s.* 6*d.*). The story of the Indian prince of 2500 years ago who lost a kingdom and regained it—as set down by Valmiki, his contemporary poet-exile and "the first human being to be recognized as a literary genius"—loses not at all in Mr. Menen's telling. For he embroiders just enough upon the background of the *Ramayana* to bring up the pattern sharply to twentieth-century eyes. Commentary on our civilization? Parable for our times? Yes; but as jolly a tale and soundly constructed as is ever likely to turn our thoughts to the reasons why men have rejected Brahminical India or Imperial Rome, and what distinguishes Thor Heyerdahl crossing the Pacific on a raft from the original savage. And withal, those who feel—and with justification—that the novel is in danger of extinction in the 1950's should remain undogmatic by reflecting on Mr. Menen.

Being a parasite

Whether Iris Murdoch is also coming to the rescue is not certain from her first novel UNDER THE NET (*Chatto & Windus.* 12*s.* 6*d.*). That she has, as the publishers say, "great power of invention, and a knack for producing absurd incidents with a serious undertone" is undeniable; her book sparkles indeed, and 'costume jewellery' these days can well pass a general test. But so great are her merits that one hopes that the gems are going to be real. She can cause us to restrain impatience with her hero-sponger, who translates, and wants to be a real writer, to the end. For three-quarters of the way too we can bear with his adventures, but the mixture of fantastic and farcical gradually beats all our willingness to pursue. Nevertheless, such is her promise, we are confident of renewed zest to cope with Miss Murdoch's next book, wherein it is possible that the oddness of the tall man who advertised "a ground-floor room near Hampstead Heath with no petty restrictions" is to be exploited, with high-jinks rationed and better-disciplined fun.

Discovering Corsica

To use "Nonsense" Lear's serious drawings to illustrate CORSICAN EXCURSION (*The Bodley Head.* 15*s.*) was the inspired behaviour of Charles Elwell its author. What a first-rate artist Edward Lear was, is attested by these 13 woodcuts, and there are reminders here that time has not materially changed the views that he sketched and described in his *Journal of a Landscape Painter in Corsica.* Mr. Elwell's work has no such scope; it was written for his own amusement and interest and succeeds in arousing and holding ours. Its guide-book qualities are thus incidental to the retrospective survey of a tour of 1949, and his subsequent researches into the island's history. Initial irritation at being addressed as "gentle reader" is soon forgotten in the enjoyment of this light-hearted but factual account of the people, the inns, the towns, the interior, the rocks and the fastnesses. Then there is much about Corsica's visitors, from

Boswell to Tino Rossi, from Newman to Nelson, and among these it is surprising not to find the name of André Gide, who had a serio-comic encounter with peaks and scenery which did not reward him for the trouble, but whose journals record many stays in this stretch of land that cradled Napoleon. Here is beauty and a sombre story, wild scenery and turbulent happenings, a spell-binder and an incitement to 'tourism'.

Ireland's past

Much the same may be said of another and even nearer island, and EARLY CHRISTIAN IRISH ART (*The Sign of the Three Candles. Dublin.* 2*s.* 6*d.*)* gives us 57 admirable plates to show what a mastery of achievement it reached in the seventh, eighth and ninth centuries. Anyone who has stood riveted before the splendour of the Book of Kells in Trinity College, will care to ponder over these pictures. Françoise Henry, translated by Maire MacDermott, has written chapters on the origins, the monasteries, the period of elaboration, the first flowering, and the apogee. With the coming of the Viking invaders, the artists and craftsmen fled to the Continent, where jewellers, illuminators and sculptors reflected those preoccupations "with combinations of lines and colours whose rhythms pleased" the Irish.

Building shapes

Pugin, the son of a French *emigré*, passed on his dream of Christian architecture to John Ruskin, and Bertram Hume discusses their influence in FORM AND REFORM IN ARCHITECTURE (*Halcyon Press.* 15*s.*). The impact of mechanization, garden cities, town planning, and the characteristics of unity are some of his themes, and the chapters entitled "Romantic Fury", "Classical Serenity", "The Communist Levelling", "The Aristocratic Structure" and "The Social Cycle" are a mentor and corrective to bias and judgment alike. One who stands staunch in thankfulness to Ruskin for opening her eyes—one in fact (and for example) who first contemplated the stones of Venice through his—is none the less grateful to Mr. Hume for stating so lucidly the inadequacy of Ruskin's theories when they were used to justify inspiration. Aware though we all may be of Ruskin's prejudices and inconsistencies, it needs a Bertram Hume, F.R.I.B.A., architectural historian and sociologist, to be able to clarify the underlying motives so calmly and fairly. In scoring the long tally of trial and error to the present phase, he helps us to understand afresh "how the desire for romantic tendencies can become firmly enough established to affect Government policy in architectural design."

Two reprints

It has been good to read again some of the essays in Aldous Huxley's THEMES AND VARIATIONS (*Chatto & Windus.* 8*s.* 6*d.*) now republished from 1950. "Art and Religion", Bernini's tombs and Roman churches "full of cautionary skeletons" like his, El Greco, and Goya, are four of the subjects that stretch—and ease—a mind beyond material crampings.

Of another reprint, JOSEPH VANCE by William de Morgan, with an Introduction by A. C. Ward (*Oxford University Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*), only this latter has been read, and then to discover something more about the de Morgan who designed stained glass and tiles for William Morris. So de Morgan the novelist waits, although his bulky book starts promisingly enough:

> My father and mother never could come to a clear understanding about what had disagreed with my father the day he lost his situation at Fothergill's. My father thought it was the sausage and mashed potatoes he had for lunch at the Rose and Crown, at fourpence, and as much mustard and pepper as you liked. My mother thought it was the beer. There was something to be said for my mother's view, on the score of quantity.

It is not surprising perhaps that someone rushed in to dub him the Dickens of 1906.

GRACE BANYARD

* Published for the Cultural Relations Committee of Ireland, which may explain its beckoning price.

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